

THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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MAY 1907.

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*FRÄULEIN SCHMIDT AND MR. ANSTRUTHER.<sup>1</sup>*

*BEING THE LETTERS OF AN INDEPENDENT WOMAN.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
'ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN.'

LIX.

Galgenberg, Dec. 9th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—We are still in sunshine and frost up here, and are all very happy, we three Schmidts—Johanna is the third—because Joey arrives to-morrow and we shall once more roll in money. I hasten to tell you this, for there were signs in your last two letters that you were taking our position to heart. It is wonderfully kind, I think, the way you are interested in our different little pains and pleasures. I am often more touched than I care to tell you by the sincerity of your sympathy with all we do, and feel very grateful for so true a friend. I was so glad you gave up coming to Jena on your way to Berlin, for it showed that you try to be reasonable, and then you know Professor Martens goes to Berlin himself every now and then to take sweet counsel with men like Harnack, so you will be sure to see him sooner or later, and see him comfortably, without a rush to catch a train. You say you did not come because I urged you not to, and that in all things you want to please me. Well, I would prefer to suppose you a follower of that plain-faced but excellent guide Common Sense. Still, being human, the less lofty and conscientious side of me does like to know there is someone who wishes to please me. I feel deliciously flattered—when I let myself think of it; nearly always

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I take care to think of something else—that a young man of your undoubted temporal and spiritual advantages should be desirous of pleasing an obscure person like me. What would Frau von Lindeberg say? Do you remember Shelley's wife's sister, the Miss Westbrook who brushed her hair so much, with her constant 'Gracious Heavens, what would Miss Warne say?' I feel inclined to exclaim the same thing about Frau von Lindeberg, but with an opposite meaning. And it is really very surprising that you should be so kind, for I have been a shrew to you often, and have been absorbed in my own affairs, and have not erred on the side of over-sympathy about yours. Some day, when we are both very old, perhaps you will get a few hours' leave from the dowager duchess you'll marry when you are forty, and will come and look at my pigs and my garden and sit with me before the fire and talk over our long friendship and all the long days of our life. And I, when I hear you are coming, shall be in a flutter, and will get out my best dress, and will fuss over things like asparagus and a salad, and tell the heated and awe-stricken maid that His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, at the Best Place to be an Ambassador in, in the World is coming to supper; and we shall feel how sweet it is to be old dear friends.

Meanwhile we are both very busy with the days we have got to now. To-day, for instance, has been so violently active that every bone I possess is aching. I'll tell you what happened, since you so earnestly assure me that all we do interests you. The snow is frozen so hard that, far from being cut off as I had feared from shops and food, there is the most glorious sledging road down to Jena; and at once on hearing of Joey's imminence Vicki and I coasted down on the sledge and I bought the book Papa has been wanting and a gigantic piece of beef. Then we persuaded a small but strong boy, a boy of open countenance and superior manners whom we met in the market-place, to drag the sledge with the beef and the book up the hill again for us; and so we set out homewards, walking gaily one on each side of him, encouraging him with loud admiration of his prowess. 'See,' said I, when I knew a specially steep bit was coming, 'see what a great thing it is to be able to draw so much so easily.'

A smirk and renewed efforts were the result of this speech at first; but the smirk grew smaller as the hill grew steeper, and the efforts dwindled to vanishing-point with the higher windings of the road. At last there was no smirk at all, and at my sixth

repetition of the encouragement he stopped dead. 'If it is such a great thing,' he said, wiping his youthful forehead with a patched sleeve, and looking at me with a precociousness I had not till then observed in his eyes, 'why do you not do it yourself?'

Vicki and I stared at each other in silent wonder.

'Because,' I said, turning a reproachful gaze on him, 'because, my dear little boy, I desire you to have the chance of earning the fifty pfennings we have promised to give you when we get to the top.'

He began to pull again, but no longer with any pride in his performance. Vicki and I walked in silence behind, and at the next steep bit, instead of repeating a form of words I felt had grown vain, I skilfully unhooked the parcel of meat hanging on the right-hand runner and carried it, and Vicki, always quick to follow my example, unhooked the biography of Goethe from the left-hand runner and carried that. The sledge leaped forward, and for a space the boy climbed with greater vigour. Then came another long steep bit, and he flagged again.

'Come, come,' said I, 'it is quite easy.'

He at once stopped and wiped his forehead. 'If it is easy,' he asked, 'why do you not do it yourself?'

'Because, my dear little boy,' said I, trying to be patient, but meat is heavy, and I knew it to be raw, and I feared every moment to feel a dreadful dampness oozing through the paper, and I was out of breath, and no longer completely calm, 'you engaged to pull it up for us; and having engaged to do it, it is your duty to do it. I will not come between a boy and his duty.'

The boy looked at Vicki. 'How she talks!' he said.

Vicki and I again stared at each other in silent wonder, and while we were staring he pulled the sledge sideways across the road and sat down.

'Come, come,' said I, striving after a brisk severity.

'I am tired,' he said, leaning his chin on his hand and studying first my face and then Vicki's with a detached, impartial scrutiny.

'We too are tired,' said I, 'and see, yet we carry the heavy parcels for you. The sledge, empty, is quite light.'

'Then why do you not pull it yourself?' he asked again.

'Anyhow,' said Vicki, 'while he sits there we needn't hold these great things.' And she put the volumes on the sledge, and I let the meat drop on it, which it did with a horrible soft, heavy thud.

The boy sat motionless.

'Let him get his wind,' said Vicki, turning away to look over the edge of the road at the view.

'I'm afraid he's a bad little boy,' said I, following her and gazing too at the sparkling hills across the valley. 'A bad little boy, encased in an outer semblance of innocence.'

'He only wants his wind,' said Vicki.

'He shows no symptoms of not having got it,' said I; for the boy was very calm, and his mouth was shut sweetly in a placid curve.

We waited, looking at the view, humanely patient as became two highly civilised persons. The boy got up after a few minutes and shook himself. 'I am rested,' he announced with a sudden return to the politeness that had charmed us in Jena.

'It certainly was rather a long pull up,' said I kindly, softened by his manner.

'Yes,' said he, 'but I will not keep the ladies waiting longer.'

And he did not, for he whisked the sledge round, sat himself upon it, and before we had in the least understood what was happening he and it and the books for Papa and the beef for Joey were darting down the hill, skimming along the track with the delicious swiftness none knew and appreciated better than we did. At the bend of the road he gave a joyful whoop and waved his cap. Then he disappeared.

Vicki and I stared at each other once more in silent wonder. 'What an abandoned little boy!' she gasped at last—he must have been almost in Jena by the time we were able to speak.

'The poor beef,' said I very ruefully, for it was a big piece and had cost vast sums.

'Yes, and the books,' said Vicki.

'Yes, and the *Assessor's* sledge,' said I.

There was nothing for it but to hurry down after him and seek out the authorities and set them in pursuit; and so we hurried as much as can be hurried over such a road, tired, silent, and hungry, and both secretly nettled to the point of madness at having been so easily circumvented by one small boy.

'Little boys are more pestilential than almost anything I know,' said Vicki, after a period of speechless crunching over the snow.

'Far more than anything I know,' said I.

'I'm thankful I did not marry,' said she.

'So am I,' said I.



'The world's much too full of them as it is,' said she.

'Much,' said I.

'Oh,' she cried suddenly, stamping her foot, 'if I could only get hold of him—wicked, wicked little wretch!'

'What would you do?' I asked, curious to see if her plans were at all like mine.

'Gr—r—r—r,' said Vicki, clenching all those parts of her, such as teeth and fists, that would clench.

'Oh, so would I!' I cried.

We were almost at the bottom; the road was making its final bend; and, as we turned the corner, behold the boy, his cap off, his head bent, his shoulders straining at the rope, pulling the sledge laboriously up again. And there was the beef hung on one runner, and there were the books hung on the other. We both stopped dead, arrested by this spectacle. He was almost upon us before he saw us, so intent was he on his business, his eyes on the ground, the sun shining on his yellow hair, the drops of labour rolling down his crimson cheeks.

'What?' he panted, pausing when he saw our four boots in a row in his path, and had looked up and recognised the rest of us, 'what, am I there already?'

'No,' I cried in the voice of justified anger, 'you are not there—you are here, at the very beginning of the mountain. Now what have you to say for yourself?'

'Nothing,' said he, grinning and wiping his face with his sleeve. 'But it was a good ride.'

'You have only just escaped the police and prison,' I said, still louder. 'We were on our way to hand you over to them.'

'If I had been there to hand,' said he, winking at Vicki, to whom he had apparently taken a fancy that was in no way encouraged.

'You had stolen our sledge and our parcels,' I continued, glaring down on him.

'Here they are. They are all here. What more do you want?' said he. 'How she talks!' he added, turning to Vicki and thrusting out his underlip with an expression that could only mean disgust.

'You are a very naughty little boy,' said Vicki. 'Give me the rope and be off.'

'Give me my fifty pfennings.'

'Your fifty pfennings!' we exclaimed with one voice.

'You promised me fifty pfennings.'

'To pull the sledge up to the top.'

'I am ready to do it.'

'Thank you. We have had enough. Let the rope go——'

'And get home to your mother——'

'And ask her to give you a thorough——'

'A bargain is a bargain,' said the boy, planting himself squarely in front of me, while I adjusted the rope over my shoulders and prepared to pull.

'Now run away, you very naughty little boy,' said I, pulling sideways to pass him by.

He stepped aside too, and faced me again. 'You promised me fifty pfennings,' he said.

'To pull the sledge up.'

'I am willing to do it.'

'Yes, and coast down again as soon as you have got to the top. Be off with you. We are not playing games.'

'A promise is a promise,' said the boy.

'Vicki, remove him from my path,' said I.

Vicki took him by the arm and gingerly drew him on one side, and I started up the hill, surprised to find what hard work it was.

'I am coming too,' said the boy.

'Are you?' said Vicki.

'Yes. To fetch my fifty pfennings.'

We said no more. I couldn't, because I was so breathlessly pulling, and Vicki marched by my side in indignant silence, with a jealous eye divided between the parcels and the boy. He, unencumbered, thrust his hands into his pockets and beguiled the way by shrilly whistling.

At each winding of the road when Vicki and I changed places he renewed his offer to fulfil his first bargain; but we, more and more angry as we grew hotter and hotter, refused with an ever-increasing wrath.

'Come, come,' said he, when a very steep bit had forced me to pause and struggle for breath, 'come, come'—and he imitated my earlier manner—'it is quite easy.'

I looked at him with what of majesty I could, and answered not a word.

At Vicki's gate he was still with us. 'I will see you safely home,' Vicki said to me when we got there.

'This where you live?' inquired the boy, peeping through the bars of the gate with cheerful interest. 'Nice little house.'

We were silent.

'I will see her home,' he said to Vicki, 'if you don't want to. But she can surely take care of herself, a great girl like that?'

We were silent.

At my gate he was still with us. 'This where she lives?' he asked Vicki, again peeping through the bars with cheerful interest. 'Funny little house.'

We were silent. In silence we opened the gate and dragged the sledge in. He came too.

'You cannot come in here,' said Vicki. 'This is private property.'

'I only wish to fetch my fifty pfennings,' said he. 'It will save you trouble if I come to the door.'

We went in in silence, and together carried the sledge inside, a thing we had not yet done, and took it with immense exertions into the parlour, and put it under the table, and tied it by each of its four corners to each of the table's four legs.

'There,' said Vicki, scrambling to her feet again and looking at her knots with satisfaction, 'that's safe if anything is.'

I went with her to the door. The boy was still there, cap in hand, very polite, very patient. 'And my fifty pfennings?' he asked pleasantly.

I cannot explain what we did next. I pulled out my purse and paid him, which was surprising enough, but Vicki, to whom fifty pfennings are also precious, pulled out hers too and gave him fifty on her own account. I am quite unable to explain either her action or mine. The boy made us each the politest bow, his cap sweeping the snow. 'She,' he said to Vicki, jerking his head my way, 'may think she is the prettiest, but you are certainly the best.'

And he left us to settle it between us, and walked away shrilly whistling.

And I am so tired that my very pen has begun to ache, so good-bye.

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

Oh, I must tell you that Papa refused to have Joey sleep in his room with a flatness that put a stop to my arguments before they were even begun. 'Nay,' he cried, 'I will not.' And when I opened my mouth to produce the arguments—'Nay,' he cried again, 'I will not.' He drowned my speech. He would not listen.

He would not reason. Parrot-like through the house resounded his cry—'Nay, I will not.' I was in despair. But everything has arranged itself. Joey is to have the *Assessor's* room on the ground floor of our neighbour's house, and will come up here for lessons and meals. He is only to sleep down there, and will be all day here. We telegraphed to Weimar to ask about it, and the ever-kind owner immediately agreed. Frau von Lindeberg is displeased, for she says no Dammerlitz has ever yet been known to live in a house where there was a lodger,—a common lodger she said first, but corrected herself, and covered up the common with a cough.

## LX.

Galgenberg, Dec. 12th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—I must write to-night, though it is late, to tell you of my speechless surprise when I came in an hour ago and found you had been here. I knew you had the moment I came in. At once I recognised the smell of the cigarettes you smoke. I went upstairs and called Johanna, for I was not sure that you were not still here, in the parlour, and frankly I was not going down if you were, for I do not choose to have my fastnesses stormed. She told me of your visit; how you had come up on foot soon after Vicki and Joey and I had started off for an afternoon's tobogganing on the hills, how you had stayed talking to Papa, and talking and talking, till you had to hurry down to catch the last train. 'And he bade me greet you for him,' finished Johanna. 'Indeed?' said I.

Do you like winter excursions into the country? Is Berlin boring you already? I shook my head in grave disapproval as Johanna proceeded with her tale. I am all for a young man's attending to his business and not making sudden wild journeys that take him away for a whole day and most of a night. Papa was delighted, I must say, to have had at last, as he told me with disconcerting warmth, at last after all these months an intelligent conversation, but with his delight the success of your visit ends, for when I heard of it I was not delighted at all. Why did you go into the kitchen? Johanna says you would go, and then that you went out hatless at the back door and down to the bottom of the garden, and that you stood there leaning against the fence as though it were summer. 'Still without a hat,' said Johanna, in her turn shaking her head, '*bei dieser Kälte.*'

*Bei dieser Kälte*, indeed. Yes; what made you do it? I am glad I was out, for I do not care to look on while the usually reasonable behave unaccountably. I don't think I can be friends with you for a little after this. I think I really must quarrel, for it isn't very decent to drop unexpectedly upon a person who from time to time has told you with the frankness that is her most marked feature that she doesn't want to be dropped upon. No doubt you wished to see Papa as well, and, on your way through Jena, Professor Martens; but I will not pretend to suppose your call was not chiefly intended for me, for it is to me and not to either of those wiser ones that you have written every day for months past. You are a strange young man. Heaven knows what you have accustomed yourself to imagining me to be. I almost wish now that you had seen me when I came in from our violent exercise, a touzled, short-skirted, heated person. It might have cured you. I forgot to look in the glass, but of course my hair and eyelashes were as white with hoar-frost as Vicki's and Joey's, and from beneath them and from above my turned-up collar must have emerged just such another glowing nose. Even Papa was struck by my appearance—after having gazed, I suppose, for hours on your composed correctness—and remarked that living in the country did not necessarily mean a complete return to savage nature.

The house feels very odd to-night. So do I. It feels haunted. So do I. I want to scold you, and yet I cannot. I have the strangest desire to cry. It is the thought that you came this long way, toiled up this long hill, waited those long hours, all to see someone who is glad to have missed you, that makes me want to. The night is so black outside my window, and somewhere through that blackness you are travelling at this moment, disappointed, across the endless frozen fields and forests that you must go through inch by inch before you reach Berlin. Why did you do a thing so comfortless? And here have I actually begun to cry,—I think because it is so dark, and you are not yet home.

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

# LXI.

Galgenberg, Dec. 16th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—I don't quite understand. Purely motherly, I should say. Perhaps our notions of the exact meaning of the word friend are different. I include in it a motherly and sisterly interest in bodily well-being, in dry socks, warm feet,

regular meals. I do not like my friend to be out on a bitter night, to take a tiring journey, to be disappointed. My friend's mother would have, I imagine, precisely the same feeling. My friend should not, then, mistake mere motherliness for other and less comfortable sentiments. But I am busy to-day, and have no time to puzzle out your letter. It must have been the outcome of a rather strange mood.

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

Tell me more about your daily life in Berlin, the people you see, the houses you go to, the attitude, kind or otherwise, of your chief. Tell me these things, instead of swamping me with subtleties of sentiment. I don't understand subtleties, and I fear and despise sentiment as a certain spoiler of plain bread-and-butter happiness. There should be no sentiment between friends. The moment there is, they leave off being just friends; and is not that what we both most want to be?

## LXII.

Galgenberg, Dec. 19th.

OH, I can do nothing with you. You are bent, I'm afraid, on losing your friend. Don't write me such letters—don't, don't, don't! My heart sinks when I see you deliberately setting about strangling our friendship. Am I to lose it then, that too? Your last letters are like bad dreams, so strange and unreasonable, so without the least order or self-control. I read them with my fingers in my ears,—an instinctive foolish movement of protection against words I do not want to hear. Dear friend, do not take your friendship from me. Give yourself a shake; come out from those vain imaginings your soul has gone to dwell among. What shall I talk to you about this bright winter's morning? Yes, I will write you longer letters; you needn't beg so hard, as though the stars couldn't get along in their courses if I didn't. See, I am willing to do anything to keep my friend. You are my only one, the only person in the world to whom I tell the silly thoughts that come into my head and so get rid of them. You listen, and you are the only person in the world who does. You help me, and I in my turn want to be allowed to go on helping you. Do not put an end to what is precious,—believe me it will

grow more and more precious with years. Do not, in the heat and impatience of youth, kill the poor goose who, if left alone, will lay the most beautiful golden eggs. What shall I talk to you about to turn your attention somewhere else, somewhere far removed from that unhappy bird? Shall I tell you about Papa's book, finally refused by every single publisher, come back battered and dragged to be galvanised by me into fresh life in an English translation? Shall I tell you how I sit for three hours daily doing it, pen in hand, ink on fingers, hair pushed back from an anxious brow, Papa hovering behind with a dictionary in which, full of distrust, he searches as I write to see if it contains the words I have used? Shall I tell you about Joey, whose first disgust at finding himself once more with us has given place by degrees that grow visibly wider to a rollicking enjoyment? Less and less does he come up here. More and more does he stay down there. He hurries through his lessons with a speed that leaves Papa speechless, and is off and hauling the sledge up past our gate with Vicki walking demurely beside him and is whizzing down again past our gate with Vicki sitting demurely in front of him before Papa is well through the list of adjectives he applies to him once at least every day. I never see the sledge now nearer than in the distance. Vicki wears her stiff shirts again, and her neat ties again, and the sporting belt that makes her waist look so very trim and tiny. If anything she is more aggressively starched and boyish than before. Her collars seem to grow higher and cleaner each time I see her. Her hat is tilted further forward. Her short skirts show the neatest little boots. She is extraordinarily demure. She never cries. Joey reads *Samson Agonistes* with us, and points out the jokes to Vicki. Vicki says why did I never tell her it was so funny? I stare first at one and then at the other, and feel a hundred years old.

'I say,' said Joey, coming into the kitchen just now.

'Well, what?' said I.

'I'm going to Berlin for a day.'

'Are you indeed?'

'Tell the old man, will you?'

'Tell the who?'

'The old man. I shan't be here for the lesson to-morrow, thank the Lord. I'm off by the first train.'

'Indeed,' said I.

There was a silence, during which Joey fidgeted about among



the culinary objects scattered around him. I went on peeling apples. When he had fidgeted as much as he wanted to, he lit a cigarette.

'No,' said I. 'Not in kitchens. A highly improper thing to do.'

He threw it into the dustbin. 'I say,' he said again.

'Well, what?' said I again.

'What do you think—what do you think—'

He paused. I waited. As he didn't go on I thought he had done. 'What do I think?' I said. 'You'd be staggered if I told you, it's such a lot, and it's so terrific.'

'What do you think,' repeated Joey, taking no heed of me, but, with his hands in his pockets, kicking a fallen apple aimlessly about on the floor, 'what do you think the little girl'd like for Christmas and that, don't you know?'

I stopped peeling and gazed at him, knife and apple suspended in mid-air. 'The little girl?' I inquired. 'Do you mean Johanna?'

Joey stared. Then he grinned at me monstrosly. 'You bet,' was his cryptic reply.

'What am I to bet?' I asked patiently.

Joey gave the fallen apple a kick. Looking down I observed that it was the biggest and the best, and stooped to rescue it. 'It's not pretty,' said I, rebuking him, 'to kick even an apple when it's down.'

'Oh I say,' said Joey impatiently, 'do be sensible. There never was any gettin' much sense out of you, I remember. And you're only pretendin'. You know I mean Vicki.'

'Vicki?'

He had the grace to blush. 'Well, Fräulein What's-her-name. You can't expect anyone decent to get the hang of these names of yours. They ain't got any hang, so how's one to get it? What'd she like for Christmas? Don't you all kick up a mighty fuss here over Christmas? Trees, and presents, and that? Plummier plum-puddings than we have, and mincier mince-pies, what?'

'If you think you will get even one plum-pudding or mince-pie,' said I, thoughtfully peeling, 'you are gravely mistaken. The national dish is carp boiled in beer.'

Joey looked really revolted. 'What?' he cried, not liking to credit his senses.

'Carp boiled in beer,' I repeated distinctly. 'It is what I'm going to give you on Christmas Day.'

'No you're not,' he said hastily.

'Yes I am,' I insisted. 'And before it and after it you will be required, in accordance with German custom, to sing chorales.'

'I'd like to see myself doin' it. You'll have to sing 'em alone. I'm invited to feed down there.'

And he jerked his head towards that portion of the kitchen wall beyond which, if you passed through it and the intervening coal-hole and garden and orchard, you would come to the dwelling of the Lindebergs.

'Oh,' said I; and looked at him thoughtfully.

'Yes,' said he, trying to meet my look with an equal calm, but conspicuously failing. 'That bein' so,' he went on hurriedly, 'and my droppin', so to speak, into the middle of somebody's Christmas tree and that, it seems to me only decent to give the little girl somethin'. What shall I get her? Somethin' to put on, I suppose. A brooch, or a pin, what?'

'Or a ring,' said I, thoughtfully peeling.

'A ring? What, can one—oh I say, don't let's waste time rottin'—'

And glancing up through cautious eyelashes I saw he was very red.

'It'd be easy enough if it was you,' he said revengefully.

'What would?'

'Hittin' on what you'd like.'

'Would it?'

'All you'd want to do the trick would be a dictionary.'

'Now, Mr. Collins, that's unkind,' said I, laying down my knife. He began to grin again. 'It's true,' he insisted.

'It suggests such an immeasurable stuffiness,' I complained.

'It isn't my fault,' said he grinning.

'But perhaps I deserve it because I mentioned a ring. Let me tell you, as man to man, that you must buy no brooches for Vicki.'

'A pin, then?'

'No pins.'

'A necklace, then?'

'Nothing of the sort. What would her parents say? Give her chocolates, a bunch of roses, perhaps a book—but nothing more. If you do, you'll get into a nice scrape.'

Joey looked at me. 'What sort of scrape?' he asked curiously.

'Gracious heavens, don't you see? Are you such a supreme goose? My poor young man, the parents would immediately ask you your intentions.'

'Oh would they?' said Joey, in his turn becoming thoughtful; and after a moment he said again, 'Oh would they?'

'It's as certain as anything I know,' said I.

'Oh is it?' said Joey, still thoughtful.

'It's a catastrophe young men very properly dread,' said I.

'Oh do they?' said Joey, sunk in thought.

'Well, if you're not listening——' And I shrugged my shoulders, and went on with my peeling.

He pulled his cap out of the pocket into which it had been stuffed, and began to put it on, tugging it first over one ear and then over the other in a deep abstraction.

'You're in my kitchen,' I observed.

'Sorry,' he said, snatching it off. 'I forgot. You always make me feel as if I were out of doors.'

'How very odd!' said I, interested and slightly flattered.

'Ain't it? East wind, you know—decidedly breezy, not to say nippin'. Well, I must be goin'.'

'I think so too,' said I coldly.

'Don't be dull while I'm away,' said Joey; and departed with a nod.

But he put in his head again the next moment. 'I say, Miss Schmidt.'

'Well, what?'

'You think I ought to stick to chocolates, then?'

'If you don't, there'll be extraordinary complications,' said I.

'You're sure of that?'

'Positive.'

'You'd swear it?'

I threw down my knife and apple. 'Now what's the matter with the boy!' I exclaimed impatiently. 'Do I ever swear?'

'But if you did you would?'

'Swear what?'

'That a bit of jewellery would bring the complications about?'

'Oh—dense, dense, dense! Of course it would. You'd be surprised at the number and size of them. You can't be too careful. Give her a hymn-book.'

Joey gave a loud whoop.

'Well, it's safe,' said I severely, 'and it appeals to parents.'

'You bet,' said Joey, screwing his face into a limitlessly audacious wink.

'I wish,' said I, very plaintively, 'that I knew exactly what it is I am to bet. You constantly tell me to do so, but never add the necessary directions.'

'Oh, I'm goin',' was Joey's irrelevant reply; and his head popped out as suddenly as it had popped in.

Or shall I tell you—I am anxious to make this letter long enough to please you—about Frau von Lindeberg, who spent two days elaborately cutting Joey, the first two days of his appearance in their house as lodger, persuaded, I suppose, that no one even remotely and by business connected with the Schmidts could be anything but undesirable, and how, meeting him in the passage, or on his way through the garden to us, the iciest stare was all she felt justified in giving him in return for his friendly grin, and how on the third day she suddenly melted, and stopped and spoke pleasantly to the poor solitary, commiserating with his situation as a stranger in a foreign country, and suggesting the alleviation to his loneliness of frequent visits to them? No one knows the first cause of this melting. I think she must have heard through her servant of the number and texture of those pink and blue silk handkerchiefs, of his amazing piles of new and costly shirts, of the obvious solidity of the silver on everything of his that has a back or a stopper or a handle or a knob. Anyhow, on that third morning she came up and called on us, asking particularly for Papa. 'I particularly wished,' she said to me, spreading herself out as she did the last time on the sofa, 'to see your good father on a matter of some importance.'

'I'll go and call him,' said I, concealing my conviction that though I might call he would not come.

And he would not. 'What, interrupt my work?' he cried. 'Is the woman mad?'

I went back and made excuses. They were very lame ones, and Frau von Lindeberg instantly brushed them aside. 'I will go to him,' she said, getting up. 'Your excellent father will not refuse me, I am sure.'

Papa was sitting in his slippers before the stove, doing nothing, so far as I could see, except very comfortably read the new book about Goethe.

'I am sorry to disturb so busy a man,' said Frau von Lindeberg, bearing down with smiles on this picture of peace.

Papa sprang up, and seeing there was no escape pretended to be quite pleased to see her. He offered her his chair, he prayed for indulgence towards his slippers, and sitting down facing her inquired in what way he could be of service.

'I want to know something about the young Englishman who occupies a room in our house,' said Frau von Lindeberg, without losing time. 'You understand that it is not only natural but incumbent on a parent to wish for information in regard to a person dwelling under the same roof.'

'I can give every information,' said Papa readily. 'His name in English is Collins. In German it is *Esel*.'

'Oh really,' said Frau von Lindeberg, taken aback.

'It is, madam,' said Papa, looking very pleasant, as became a man in his own house confronted by a female visitor. 'We have re-christened him. And no array of words with which I am acquainted will express the exactness of his resemblance to that useful but unintelligent beast.'

'Oh really,' said Frau von Lindeberg, not yet recovered.

'The ass, madam, is conspicuous for the narrowness of its understanding. So is Mr. Collins. The ass is exasperating to persons of normal brains. So is Mr. Collins. The ass is lazy in regard to work, and obstinate. So is Mr. Collins. The ass is totally indifferent to study. So is Mr. Collins. The ass has never heard of Goethe. Neither has Mr. Collins. The ass is useful to the poor. So is Mr. Collins. The ass, indeed, is the poor man's most precious possession. So, emphatically, is Mr. Collins.'

'Oh really,' said Frau von Lindeberg again.

'Is there anything more you wish to know?' Papa inquired politely, for she seemed unable immediately to go on.

She cleared her throat. 'In what way—in what way is he useful?' she asked.

'Madam, he pays.'

'Yes—of course, of course. You cannot'—she smiled—'be expected to teach him German for nothing.'

'Far from doing that, I teach him German for a great deal.'

'Is he—do you know anything about his relations? You understand,' she added, 'that it is not altogether pleasant for a private family like ours to have a strange young man living under the same roof.'

'Understand?' cried Papa. 'I understand it so thoroughly that I most positively refused to have him under this one.'

'Ah—yes,' said Frau von Lindeberg, a Dammerlitz expression coming into her face. 'The cases are not—are not quite—pray tell me, who and what is his father?'

'A respectable man, madam, I should judge.'

'Respectable? And besides respectable?'

'Eminently worthy, I should say from his letters.'

'Ah, yes. And—and anything else?'

'Honourable too, I fancy. Indeed, I have not a doubt.'

'Is he of any family?'

'He is of his own family, madam.'

'Ah, yes. And did you—did you say he was well off?'

'He is apparently revoltingly rich.'

An electric shock seemed to make Frau von Lindeberg catch her breath. 'Oh really,' she then said evenly. 'Did he inherit his wealth?'

'Made it, madam. He is an ironmonger.'

Another electric shock made Frau von Lindeberg catch her breath again. Then she again said, 'Oh really.'

There was a pause.

'England,' she said after a moment, 'is different from Germany.'

'I believe it is,' admitted Papa.

'And ironmongers there may be different from ironmongers here.'

'It is at least conceivable.'

'Tell me, what status has an ironmonger in England?'

'What status?'

'In society.'

'Ah, that I know not. I went over there seven-and-twenty years ago for the purpose of marrying, and I met no ironmongers. Not consciously, that is.'

'Would they—would they be above the set in which you then found yourself, or would they?'—she tried to conceal a shiver—'be below it?'

'I know not. I know nothing of society either there or here. But I do know that money, there as here, is very mighty. It is, I should say, merely a question of having enough.'

'And has he enough?'

'The man, madam, is I believe perilously near becoming that

miserable and isolated creature a millionaire. God help the unfortunate Joey.'

'But why? Why should God help him? Why is he unfortunate? Does not he get any share?'

'Any share? He gets it all. He is the only child. Now I put it to you, what chance is there for an unhappy youth with no brains—'

'Oh, I must really go. I have taken up an unwarrantable amount of your time. Thank you so very much, dear Herr Schmidt—no, no, do not disturb yourself I beg—your daughter will show me the way—'

'But,' cried Papa, vainly trying to detain this determinedly retreating figure, 'about his character, his morals—we have not yet touched—'

'Ah yes—so kind—I will not keep you now. Another time perhaps—'

And Frau von Lindeberg got herself out of the room and out of the house. Scarcely did she say good-bye to me, in so great and sudden a fever was she to be gone; but she did turn on the doorstep and give me a curiously intense look. It began at my eyes, travelled upwards to my hair, down across my face, and from there over my whole body to my toes. It was a very odd look. It was the most burningly critical look that has ever shrivelled my flesh.

Now what do you think of this enormous long letter? It has made me quite cheerful just writing it, and I was not very cheerful when I began. I hope the reading of it will do you as much good. Good-bye. Write and tell me you are happy.

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

Do, do try to be happy!

### LXIII.

Galgenberg, Dec. 22nd.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—The house is quite good enough for me, I assure you—the 'setting' I think you call it, suggesting with pleasant flattery that there is something precious to be set. It only has the bruised sort of colour you noticed, when its background is white with snow. In summer against the green it looks as white as you please; but a thing must be white indeed to look so in the midst of our present spotlessness. And it is not damp if there are fires enough. And the rooms are not too small for



me—poky was the adjective you applied to the dear little things. And I am never lonely. And Joey is very nice, even though he doesn't quite talk in blank verse. I feel a sort of shame when you make so much of me, when you persist in telling me that the outer conditions of my life are unworthy. It makes me feel so base, such a poor thing. Sometimes I half believe you must be poking fun. Anyhow, I don't know what you would be at; do you wish me to turn up my nose at my surroundings? And do you see any good that it would do? And the details you go into! That coffee-pot you saw and are so plaintive about came to grief only the day before your visit, and will, in due season, be replaced by another. Meanwhile it doesn't hurt coffee to be poured out of a broken spout, and it doesn't hurt us to drink it after it has passed through this humiliation. On the contrary, we receive it thankfully into cups, and remain perfectly unruffled. You say, and really you say it in a kind of agony, that the broken spout, you are sure, is symbolic of much that is invisible in my life. You say—in effect, though your words are choicer—that if you had your way my life would be set about with no spouts that were not whole. If you had your way? Mr. Anstruther, it is a mercy that in this one matter you have not got it. What an extremely discontented creature I would become if I spent my days embedded in the luxury you, by a curious perverseness, think should be piled around me. I would gasp ill-natured epigrams from morning till night. I would wring my hands, and rend the air with cries of *cui bono*? The broken spout is a brisk reminder of the transitoriness of coffee-pots and of life. It sets me hurrying about my business, which is first to replace it, and then by every possible ingenuity to make the most of the passing moment. The passing moment is what you should keep your eye on, my young friend. It is a slippery, flighty thing; but, properly pounced upon, lends itself fruitfully to squeezing. The upshot of your last letter is, I gather, that for some strange reason, some extremity of perverseness, you would have me walk in silk attire, and do it in halls made of marble. It suffocates me only to think of it. I love my freedom and forest trampings, my short skirts and swinging arms. I want the wind to blow on me, and the sun to burn me, and the mud to spatter me. Away with caskets, and settings, and frames! I am not a picture, or a jewel, whatever your poetic eye, misled by a sly and tricky Muse, persists in seeing. It would be quite a good plan, and of distinctly tonic properties, for you to write to Frau von Lindeberg and beg her to

describe me. She, it is certain, would do it very accurately, untroubled by the deceptions of any muse.

How kind of you to ask me what I would like for Christmas, and how funny of you to ask if you might not give me a trinket. I laughed over that, for did I not write to you three days ago and give you an account of my conversation with Joey on the subject of trinkets at Christmas? Is it possible you do not read my letters? Is it possible that, having read them, you forget them so immediately? Is it possible that proverbs lie, and the sauce appropriate to the goose is not also appropriate to the gander? Give me a book. There is no present I care about but that. And if it happened to be a volume in the dark blue binding edition of Stevenson to add to my row of him, I would be both pleased and grateful. Joey asked me what I wanted, so he is getting me the 'Travels with a Donkey.' Will you give me 'Virginibus Puerisque'?

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

If you'd rather, you may give me a new coffee-pot instead.

Later.

But only an earthenware one, like the one that so much upset you.

*(To be concluded.)*

## THE MAY MORNING AND THE OLD MAN.

BY MARGARET L. WOODS.

## I.

*The Morn is very clear, the young Morn  
 Looks on the Earth, imagining all the Earth  
 Is as herself, new-born.  
 She beholds the hills, the dim colourless hills  
 Over the City of Towers  
 Dark in the valley ; drowning mists flow round it,  
 Ghosts of dead rivers, stealing through the valley.  
 Morn smiles on the Earth.  
 Answering, the hills put on their colours clear,  
 Young corn and copses gay and hawthorn-trees  
 Fair as enchanted towers  
 Built of young dreams and bright with dawns from afar,  
 Out of silver mist uprises the blond City.  
 It is Morn, it is May,  
 And Earth a moment imagines herself new-born.*

## II.

*But the Old Man—  
 For him it never can be morn again.  
 Beside the haystack in the field he slept,  
 But weary is he yet, though he has slumbered.  
 The load is very light upon his shoulders,  
 Yet are his shoulders bowed,  
 And like a laden man he climbs the hill :  
 He cannot dream his youth returned again.  
 Slowly he climbs, his shadow creeps  
 Before him, climbing the long white hill.  
 His shadow is weary and backward creeps  
 Hanging about his weary feet.  
 The climbing lark sings overhead,  
 And hark ! the merry bicyclists,  
 Behind him on the hill.*

THE BICYCLISTS' RÉVEILLÉ.

Under the hedges the parsley is white,  
The hedges are white with May,  
Hither we come in the early light,  
In the fresh of the waking day.  
Listen, listen and follow !

There's a sunbeam star on your window-pane,  
The cuckoo cries, ' We are here.'  
And the swish of the wheel down the long white lane  
Merrily hums in your ear.  
Listen, listen and follow !

Swooping and skimming high in their flight,  
Mock us, our mates of the air.  
Up from the valley and down from the height,  
Further than you shall we fare.  
Listen, listen and follow !

The workaday world has foundered afar,  
Under the sheen of the dew.  
Come where a world like a flower, like a star,  
Spins for an hour in the blue.  
Listen, listen and follow !

*They have climbed the hill, they have conquered the height,  
They meet new airs from distant skies,  
Telling how far and fair it lies,  
The Land of Morn, the undiscovered.  
And swiftly springing from earth away,  
As birds on rush of wings speeding,  
Over the brow the bicyclists hurry  
To the uninhabited, undiscovered  
Wonderful world of Youth and Morning.*

III.

*The solitary fields are wide  
Where bright the narrow rivers run.  
The buttercups of burnished gold  
Uplift their triumph in the sun.*

THE BUTTERCUPS' RÉVEILLÉ.

Brave, brave banners of gold !  
 See how we wave  
 Banners of gold,  
 Lift them up from the dark mould !

Sun, sun, flower of the skies !  
 We too have begun.  
 Thou dost the skies,  
 We the gilded Earth surprise.

Earth, Air, never were seen  
 Half so fair  
 Before, with sheen  
 Of gold above their blue and green.

Bright wings, messengers bold,  
 Tell how the Spring's  
 Banners of gold  
 Flaming over the Earth unfold !

*In the Land of Youth and Morning  
 All things seem but new begun,  
 The Wonder and the Joy of Life  
 Uplift their triumph in the Sun.*

IV.

THE BICYCLISTS.

Hither away where the waters gleam  
 And meadows are buttercup-dyed,  
 Over arches grey where Time is a dream  
 And rivers of Avalon glide !  
 Listen, listen and follow !

*Silver gauze the mists are floating,  
 Silver gleams the rivers showing  
 Among the golden, golden fields  
 Where willows spread their veils of green.*

## V.

*The Old Man comes to the brow alone.  
 He does not behold the Land of Morning,  
 But far away he beholds familiar hills.  
 And in the fallow, solitary  
 And old as he is solitary  
 Himself and old, he sees a man,  
 A tall man, leaning upon his hoe.*

*The wanderer fain would speak awhile,  
 Telling the sorrow of his soul  
 And all his weariness to one  
 That like himself is old.  
 His voice is high and his speech sways  
 Slowly with slow words, as the boughs  
 In wind of summer sway ; for so  
 Did country folk talk long ago.*

*First Old Man.* Mester, be't vur to Chillingbourne ?

*Second Old Man.* To Chillingbourne ?

*1st O. M.* Ay, for 'tis yonder I must go. To Chilling-  
 bourne across the down.

*2nd O. M.* Why, Mester, that's a longish road,  
 To Chillingbourne, a steepish road. Clear over hills you  
 see un climb,

Yonder so white 's a thread he goes

Betwix the Clumpes and away

To Chillingbourne beyond the downs.

*1st O. M.* How vur be't, Mester, do 'ee know ?

*2nd O. M.* Nay, Mester, but a longish road.

Myself I never took no joy

In travelling, nor can rightly tell

How vur it be, but a great way

To Chillingbourne across the downs.

*1st O. M.* 'Tis not for joy I taäk the road,  
 But, Mester, I be gotten oöld.

Do seem as though in all the e'th

There weren't no plaäce,

No room on e'th for oöld volk.

*2nd O. M.* The e'th do lie  
 Yonder, so wide as Heaven a'most,

And God as made un  
Made room, I warr'nt, for all Christian souls.

*1st O. M.* The Union, Mester,  
Wer plaäce for me, they said. Aw dear!  
Yet I can work and toil more willin'  
Than young uns will. The world, Mester,  
It be so chaänged, so chaänged it be!  
They woan't gi' no work to ööld volk.

*2nd O. M.* Nay, Mester, I do get a job  
Most times o' year, for folks do know me  
Through all the plaäce. Ha'n't ee no friens  
Down yonder, where ee come from? Home  
Be best, to my thinking.

*1st O. M.* Hoäm be best,  
Ay that it be! I wer a straänger  
At Marlden. Now as Jeän be dead,  
Union they said wer plaäce for me.  
They're cruel hard at Marlden, Mester.

*2nd O. M.* Ay, Mester, that be hard.

*1st O. M.* I wer a straänger  
And furrin like down Marlden waäy.  
'Mesters,' says I, 'I be agwine hoäm.'  
Vor I wer barn at Chillingbourne,  
At Chillingbourne acress the down.

*2nd O. M.* God give ee luck and bring ee safe,  
For, Mester, you've a longish röäd  
To travel. Won't ee wet yer throät  
And eat a bit for company?

*1st O. M.* Well I woan't say  
But I'll be glad o' summat, Mester.

*2nd O. M.* Us can sit down  
Under the May-bush. He do smell  
Sweeter nor spices, what were brought  
To Solomon in all his glory.

Lord it do seem  
Like yesterday I heard un tell  
In church o' myrrh and frankincense  
And pomegranate, and kep on smelling  
At hawthorn-flower stuck in my coät:  
Yet I wer a lad then.

*1st O. M.* Time he do pass.



*2nd O. M.* So smooth and slick as water run  
 Under a bridge. There's many a while  
 I've leaned and watched un run as clear  
 Over saäme pebbles and the shaäde  
 O' bridge a-movin'.  
 'Twere hard to think it never wer  
 The saäme water, but allays passing  
 And changing. That be so's our years,  
 To my thinking.

*1st O. M.* Time do pass.  
 Be varty year come Lady Day  
 Sin' I were hoäm at Chillingbourne.

*2nd O. M.* Whoy, Mester, forty year  
 Be a longish time. Ye'll find a deal o' change.

*1st O. M.* There woan't be nowt a chaänged at Chilling-  
 bourne;

Chillingbourne be a main loänsome plaäce.

When I were a chile  
 A scarin' birds from the veäld all the day,  
 Up o' the downland agen the road,  
 I mind the hours 'ud creep and goo  
 That slow,

And niver nowt a-comin' along the road;  
 Unless maybe dust marchin' with the wind.

Nowt but a lark  
 Overhead to hear, or a scud o' plover  
 Passin' and cryin' loänsome like.

*2nd O. M.* Ben't ee afeared to miss your way,  
 Wi noön to ask?

*1st O. M.* Not I, Mester!  
 I mind the way, the straät road  
 To Chillingbourne acress the down.

But ee doan't see nowt o' tree nor house  
 Till edge o' the hill;  
 Then plump onto roof o' church tower  
 Seems ee med drop, and tops o' trees  
 Wi' rooks beneath ee cawin' and flittin'.  
 And ee see as plaän the length of the streat  
 And th' aäncient Cross

Under the elm, what Cromwell broke.

There bean't nowt ahaänged yonder,  
 No chaänge, I warr'nt, at Chillingbourne.

*2nd O. M.* And ee've gotten your friends yet a-livin' ?

*1st O. M.* Gearge he be shepherd at Manor Varm,

There do he bide.

My darter Jeän, her's I've buried,  
Wrote to un unst and he made answer.

How many years be that a-gone ?

Naäy, surely !

I cannt a-tell—but Brother Gearge,  
Younger nor me by seven year,  
Ain't a-got no call to die.

*2nd O. M.* Death do go withouten order  
Up and down upon the earth.

*1st O. M.* I tell ee Gearge  
Were a lusty chap ; and Vicar he knowed—  
Why there ! The oöld man be dead !  
But new un, said Gearge, were a sight better.  
He'll find I a job, he will for sure.

*2nd O. M.* It's like he will. I ha' gotten a job  
Most times o' year.

*1st O. M.* It be work I want—  
But I were a straänger Marlden waäy ;  
Went there courtin' my wife as died  
Aäteen year come September.  
The las' day,  
Mother were living, I mind her said :  
'Tom'll be sorry in time to come  
He bided away and never did wed  
Cousin Bessie.' She married well  
Did Cousin Bess, and she ain't a-forgotten  
Me for sure, if she be alive.

*2nd O. M.* There be as remembers, there be as forgets.

*1st O. M.* Well, I must be a-gettin' hoäm !  
I thankee, Mester, an' wish 'ee luck.

Aw dear ! I never thowt,  
When sprack an' young I stepped awäy,  
How I'd come hoäm,

I niver thowt I'd care to lay  
My boäns at last where Mother's lie,  
In churchyard, under th' aäncient tower.

*2nd O. M.* Good day to ee, Mester, an' good luck !  
I wish ee safe at journey's end  
Afore't be dark.

*1st O. M.* At fall o' night  
Curfew do ring to guide ee hoäm  
To Chillingbourne acress the down.

*The Old Man on his journey passed alone,  
That way his shadow led, straight down the road.*

*Below him lay  
Earth in the gold and glory of the time,  
Rejoicing Earth, decked with the light of waters,  
But he beheld her not. Only beyond,  
Lovely and dim, he saw the remembered hills.*

VI.

THE BICYCLISTS' RETURN.

Back to the workaday world, the old,  
As errant mariners fleet,  
With spices laden and secret gold,  
Or lovers with thoughts more sweet.  
Listen, listen and follow !

Back to the workaday world anew,  
To the crowd and the toil away !  
But our hearts are dipped in the morning dew  
And the light of the early day.  
Listen, listen and follow !

## *THE PROBLEM OF THE FLYING MACHINE.*

BY PROFESSOR G. H. BRYAN, F.R.S.

THE offer, by a London newspaper, of a large money-prize to the first man who shall ride on a flying machine from London to Manchester, taken in conjunction with Santos Dumont's recent success in lifting himself off the ground and travelling a certain distance through the air on a mechanically propelled machine, and other similar announcements, caused considerable excitement in that large section of the British public which derives its knowledge of scientific progress from the daily Press.

It is always possible that if a sufficiently large number of persons should commence building flying machines in order to compete for such a prize, even if they possessed no scientific knowledge to work on, a process of survival of the fittest would come into play and the destruction or abandonment of the more unsuitable types would gradually lead to the construction of a machine better qualified to fly than its predecessors. This method has played a useful part in the development of many inventions in the past. It has been used, not only in recent times, but for many centuries, in the attempt to solve the problem of flight. It would be undesirable at the present time to express any definite opinion as to whether the process is capable of ultimately producing a machine which can fly continuously for a long distance. Such a machine may be forthcoming any day and may even now be in the course of construction by some experimenter who has hitherto avoided publicity. At the same time it is desirable to call attention to the numerous occasions on which popular enthusiasm has been excited by the construction of machines for aerial navigation, which have either come to a bad end or have been abandoned after a few experiments that seemed full of promise.

In fact, in nearly all experiments that have been made in the past, a limit has been reached beyond which it has been found impossible to go, and this limit has in nearly every case fallen considerably short of the performance of actual flight. We are thus led to ask the question, What caused this limit, and why was it impossible to go further?

This question brings us at once to the second main line of attack—namely, the mathematical method. Some years ago, writing in 'Science Progress,' I expressed the opinion that if the development of artificial flight was not to continue a repetition of the chapter of accidents by which naval architects gained their theoretical knowledge, there would be abundant work for mathematicians in reducing the conditions of stability of aerial machines to a matter of pure calculation.

Since that article was written a good start has been made with the calculations in question, but a great deal remains to be done before they can become accessible to the working mechanic, and it thus becomes our object to examine more closely the past history of flight, and the causes which have led to the condition of affairs at the time of writing the present article.

We may divide all the attempts that have been made to accomplish directed aerial navigation roughly into three classes—

(1) Attempts made previously to the discovery of the balloon and the invention of light explosion motors.

(2) Attempts involving the use of balloons propelled mechanically.

(3) Attempts involving the use of mechanically propelled wings, aeroplanes, or sustaining surfaces without the assistance of balloons.

Now it will be seen that in the first or pre-balloon period the only possible line of attack was identical with the modern method, *minus* the motor. Even under such unfavourable circumstances a certain number of people attempted experiments in flight and a great many more drew pictures of flying machines without constructing them. Of the pictures a most grotesque collection will be found in old French books, such as the 'Histoire des Ballons,' or 'Astra Castra'; of the attempts, the authenticity of which is generally accepted appear to have consisted in the performance of glides from the top of some eminence on machines with fixed supporting wing surfaces, thus forestalling the line of experiment subsequently inaugurated by Lilienthal. Under this heading one J. B. Dante of Perugia is accredited with gliding over Lake Trasimene in the fourteenth century, but further experiments resulted in a broken leg. A similar fate befell the Marquis de Bacqueville in an unsuccessful attempt to cross the Seine in 1742, and the experiments of Captain Le Bris in 1854 with an 'artificial albatross,' again resulting in a broken leg, probably represent the next event of importance in this direction. Some interest lies in the fact that

a recent experimenter, Mr. Octave Chanute, has tried gliding on a machine based on Le Bris's model, without coming to any misfortune.

Now using the word *gliding* to denote the operation of sailing downwards from a height on a machine furnished with wings and driven through the air by gravity, there was no insuperable difficulty in performing gliding experiments in the period referred to. But it could hardly be expected that people would be contented to continue experimenting on going short distances down hill unless there was some prospect of their also being able to fly uphill or at least travel long distances in a horizontal direction. We shall now see that it is impossible for a man to fly horizontally or in an upward direction if he has to propel himself by his unaided muscular efforts—in other words, that human flight without a motor is an impossibility. The easiest way of showing this is by a study of the actual results accomplished in some of the most successful recent gliding experiments, and Mr. Octave Chanute's figures will quite suffice for present purposes.

We may take it that in a gliding experiment the aeroplanes serve a twofold purpose.

(1) They cause the machine to fall obliquely instead of vertically, thereby imparting a horizontal motion to the machine.

(2) They act as a parachute by checking the downward motion and thus causing the machine to fall as slowly as possible.

Now it has been found by experiment that when a loaded aeroplane is moving through the air with a considerable horizontal velocity, it falls to the ground much more slowly than if it were merely to fall vertically; in other words, the efficiency of the gliding machine as a parachute is greater the greater the horizontal velocity. The longer the distance covered in a glide, the greater is the time taken to fall a height of, say, fifty feet. We may take it then that the point to be aimed at in gliding is to make the machine travel at the smallest possible angle with the horizon.

Now in still air, Mr. Chanute succeeded in gliding at angles of seven and a half to ten or even fourteen degrees, and an angle of five degrees perhaps represents a record unattainable except under conditions which could hardly be regarded as normal. We shall not be far wrong if we take a gradient of one in five as giving a reasonable angle of descent for purposes of calculation, and a velocity of sixteen miles an hour is also a justifiable assumption to make in view of Mr. Chanute's glides of two hundred to three

hundred feet, occupying eight to fourteen seconds. It is not difficult for a man to travel at sixteen miles an hour on a bicycle, but if he had to carry with him a system of aeroplanes capable of sustaining him in the air the matter would be quite different. As the gliding machine will just 'coast' downhill at the gradient of one in five when driven by gravity, we conclude that the effort which the man would have to exert in order to overcome the downward effects of gravity and fly in a horizontal direction would be equivalent to riding uphill on a gradient of one in five at sixteen miles an hour. Now one in five is the gradient of some of the rack and pinion railways up the Swiss mountains—the steepest gradient on the Rigi is one in four—and it is obvious that no man could ride up such an incline at a speed anywhere like sixteen miles an hour, even if no friction had to be overcome.

By observing the time of descent and knowing the weight of the machine and man, it is easy in this way to calculate the horse-power which would have to be used in order to convert the downward flight into a horizontal one. Taking the weight to be 178 pounds, Mr. Chanute estimated that about two horse-power would be required for the purpose if the propeller were perfectly efficient, which it never can be; with an efficiency of 70 per cent., 2.85 horse-power would be necessary. On the other hand, Dr. Haughton estimated some years ago that men rowing in a boat-race exerted about a quarter of a horse-power. This estimate has probably been exceeded by modern bicyclists, and there may be cases on record of men working at half a horse-power, but anything like two horse-power is quite beyond the possibilities of human physique. Taking a man weighing twelve stone working at a quarter horse-power the proportion of weight to horse-power would be 672 pounds per horse-power.

The same conclusions are supported by observations of the flight of birds. In this case it has been estimated by Sir Hiram Maxim and others that the proportion works out at 150 pounds per horse-power, the figure possibly running up to 250 in the case of heavy birds like the vulture and the albatross. It is thus shown that a light powerful motor is the first essential for the accomplishment of artificial flight, and that in the period under consideration the problem was an impossible one.

The invention of the balloon by Montgolfier, about the year 1783, opened up a new method of attacking the problem of aerial navigation. It at once got over the difficulty of raising a man off

the ground, and enabled ascents to be performed in perfect safety. No wonder that in the excitement that followed, grotesque and fantastic schemes for navigating the air were put forward, and their promoters were able to raise considerable sums of money from the general public. Many of these schemes are described in the French '*Histoire des Ballons*,' but if any reader should regard them as ridiculous in the light of present knowledge, let him turn to the Patent Office records, and he will there find numerous designs and projects quite as unscientific and quite as impossible as anything that was proposed in the early days of ballooning. The balloon opened up the atmosphere to meteorological and other explorers, but it did not furnish the desired immediate solution of the problem of directed aerial navigation. It must of course be borne in mind that ballooning is by no means an unskilled operation, and that the direction taken by a balloon is not a matter of pure chance, but is largely controlled by a careful regulation of ballast based on a study of the air-currents at different altitudes. But the normal pear-shaped balloon with its swinging car is about as ill-fitted to be driven through the air by horizontal propellers as it possibly could be, and, in order to make navigation possible, the natural form had to be changed for an oblong or cigar shape, and the freely hanging car for one more rigidly connected with the gas-bag. In other words, it was necessary to counteract the inherent tendency of a loaded gas-bag to assume a globular form. For this purpose some rigid supporting framework or skeleton was necessary, thereby adding to the weight of the apparatus. Another difficulty arose from the necessity of keeping the gas-bag fully distended. The absence of this precaution would lead to two results, both fatal to success. In the first place the membrane of the balloon would flap in passing through the air, and this flapping would greatly increase the resistance; a still worse consequence would be that the gas would tend to collect at one end of the bag, giving the machine a permanent tilt either at the bows or at the stern, even if no more disastrous consequences ensued.

To get over these difficulties two methods have been adopted. M. Santos Dumont and the Lebaudy Brothers used an internal balloon or '*ballonet*,' which could be pumped up or deflated at will, thus enabling the outer gas-bag to be maintained in the necessary state of tension. Count Zeppelin has got over the difficulty in a more elaborate way by dividing the balloon longitudinally into



a number of separate compartments, the whole outer covering being stretched over an aluminium framework. Among the earlier suggested devices for securing the same result, a gas-bag of sheet copper was proposed. This plan was impracticable because sheet metal which is sufficiently thin to be light enough would not stand the strains (technically the *stresses*) to which it would be subjected without collapsing.

The experiments made by Renard and Krebs in 1885 with the balloon 'La France' constitute the first really successful attempt at directed navigation with a balloon. For a considerable time subsequently little was done. The explosion of Dr. Wölfert's balloon in 1897, killing the inventor and his assistant, directs attention to another source of danger in the employment of heat engines, such as gas or petrol motors, for driving balloons. It must not be forgotten that no gas-membrane, however carefully constructed, is quite impervious to diffusion, and any spark or flame coming near the gas-bag is liable to ignite the escaping gas and to set the balloon on fire.

The balloon experiments of Santos Dumont will still be within the memory of many readers, and the facts that Count Zeppelin has been again recently sailing over the Lake of Constance, and that the brothers Lebaudy are still actively at work with new and improved airships are matters which have been sufficiently chronicled in the daily Press and in popular magazines. Aerial navigation with balloons cannot be said to have been a failure up to the present time, but it may now well be asked what measure of success is to be anticipated with them in the future.

A gentleman remarked many years ago that in order to solve the problem of aerial navigation we had to discover some substance which was 'lighter than nothing and had a tendency upwards.'

Failing the discovery of a substance which, even supposing that it ever had existed, would have deserted our earth long ago, the balloon makes use of a gas which is lighter than air and has therefore a lesser tendency downwards. In order that a balloon may rise, something else which is heavier must fall, on the same principle that a heavy weight will lift a light one by means of a rope passing over a pulley. The weight of the balloon with the hydrogen contained in its gas-bag must be less than the weight of an equal volume of air. We may say in round figures that a cubic foot of air weighs an ounce, a cubic foot of water weighs 1,000 ounces, and a cubic foot of hydrogen weighs one-fifteenth of an ounce.

Consequently the weight of a balloon and its contained gas must be less than an ounce for every cubic foot of air that it displaces. If we compare the balloon with the case of a ship floating in water, the balloon must be one thousand times as light in proportion to its volume as a ship. If we take then an airship of total weight ten tons, which is roughly speaking the weight of one of the Zeppelin airships, the volume of air displaced must be about equal to the volume of water displaced by a ship of 10,000 tons.

In estimating the speed which we might expect to maintain in propelling the balloon by mechanical power, the above differences are compensated for by the fact that because air is so much lighter than water, therefore it offers a proportionally smaller resistance to the motion of a body of given size moving through it with given velocity. We shall not go very far wrong if we say that the limits of speed attainable with navigable balloons are not widely different from those attainable in marine navigation. A reference to the achievements of the Zeppelin, Lebaudy, and other airships will show that this estimate is fairly correct.

But whereas ships steaming at twelve or thirteen miles an hour are able to perform a regular service between England and Africa, such a speed would not enable a balloon to make headway against more than a very moderate wind. There is all the difference in the world between ocean currents and atmospheric currents. Waves and tides in the sea do not imply the existence of rapid currents. To verify this fact it is only necessary to watch some body (a boat or buoy or log of wood) floating on the sea amid waves. The waves travel along, and the floating body merely rides up and down on them. In the atmosphere, things are altogether different. If the ocean had been in a turbulent state with currents comparable in amount with the winds prevailing in our atmosphere, marine navigation would not have been in a much more advanced stage at the present time than aerial navigation actually is. On the other hand, if it had not been for winds it is not improbable that the early aeronauts would have soon succeeded in propelling themselves through the air with a speed comparable with that of a rowing-boat. We might all have been able to go out for a row on an airship with wings taking the place of oars, and aerial boat-races would have become a popular form of sport.

It will thus be seen that *wind* is the main cause which stands in the way of a satisfactory solution of the problem of aerial navigation by means of mechanically propelled balloons. For practical

purposes it is necessary that an airship should be capable of making headway against any wind that is likely to blow under normal conditions, and aeronauts have come to the conclusion that the necessary speed can only be obtained by discarding balloons in favour of aeroplanes.

At the present time the problem of aeroplane flight is entirely changed from what it was in the early pre-balloon days. The motor difficulty may be regarded as practically solved. The measurement of the resistance of aeroplanes travelling through the air in different directions, and the calculation of the horse-power necessary to propel them, are matters with which the ordinary engineer is competent to deal. The construction of light and powerful motors has received a great stimulus of recent years from the motor-car industry. Yet even as long ago as 1868 Mr. Stringfellow is reported to have received a prize of £100 for a steam-engine only weighing thirteen pounds with boiler, and giving rather more than one horse-power. The construction of an engine that will work at higher horse-power in proportion to its weight than someone else's is the kind of problem that appeals to the ordinary 'practical man,' especially if he has any chance of winning a prize. We may take it that all has now been done in this direction which is necessary as a first start towards the solution of the flight problem. I do not propose here to enter into technical details such as may be found not only in engineering journals, but sometimes even in the daily Press. On the contrary, we shall assume that it is possible to construct an aeroplane machine provided with a motor that is capable of raising its weight and that of a man from the ground.

If that machine could only be made to *fly straight continuously* when it was in the air, and could be brought to earth again without too violent a shock, flying machines would soon become common.

*It is the difficulty of making a machine continuously fly straight—in other words, the difficulty of stability—which at the present time forms the main obstacle to the realisation of artificial flight.*

It is so important for the public to realise this fact, that I now attempt to give some insight into the results of the theory which I developed with the assistance and co-operation of Mr. W. E. Williams, and which has since been further developed by Captain Ferber, of the French Artillery.

It will be necessary in the first instance to explain what is

meant by the terms *stable* and *unstable*. If we try to balance an egg on end, we shall find that it will not remain standing upright for any length of time. If the egg is very slightly out of the vertical position, it will fall over. On the other hand, if we suspend a weight from a string it will remain hanging for an indefinite time, and the same will be true of a marble resting at the bottom of a cup or bowl. If the suspended weight be pulled a little on one side from the vertical, it will swing to and fro for a short time, and finally return to the vertical position. Similarly the marble may be made to roll to and fro in the cup, but it will come to rest at the bottom. We say that the egg on its end is in *unstable* equilibrium, meaning that it tends to *fall away* from the vertical; while the suspended weight and the marble are in *stable* equilibrium, because they tend to *return* to the same position if they are displaced.

Again, if a large number of people stand up simultaneously in a small boat, the boat will capsize, and we say that the boat becomes *unstable*, or, what means the same thing, 'top heavy.' When properly ballasted a boat is *stable*. It may rock to and fro in the water, but it always tends to come back to its proper position, not to fall over sideways.

Stability is thus a very important factor in shipbuilding. The stability of ships has for many years past been reduced to a matter of ordinary mathematical calculation. This calculation can be performed in the drawing-office before the ship is actually built, and a simple experiment by moving weights across the deck of the ship from one side to the other, and observing how much the ship heels over, enables the shipbuilder to ascertain whether his calculations were correct. But in the early days of shipbuilding stability was imperfectly understood, or, indeed, not understood at all, and a great many ships have been sent to the bottom with their crews when a knowledge of mathematics would have prevented the catastrophe.

The necessity of reducing the problem of stability to a matter of mathematical calculation is, I maintain, even greater in the case of flying machines than with ships, and the problem is a much more difficult one to understand.

In the first place, in a ship we only have, practically, to guard against the danger of rolling over *sideways*. Except in cases where some of the watertight compartments have got flooded as the result of a wreck or collision, there is no danger of a ship suddenly

turning over forwards or backwards, and diving down at the bows or the stern.

On the other hand, while in a flying machine the danger of overturning sideways does certainly present difficulties quite as great as the naval architect has had to face, the main risk is that of pitching over *forwards* or *backwards*. We thus have to distinguish two kinds of stability—namely, *transverse stability*, or safety against turning over sideways, and *longitudinal stability*, or safety against falling over in front or behind. In illustration of the latter danger let us imagine that instead of using bicycles we were to attempt to ride on the top of a *single* wheel; it is clear that we should have to master difficulties of balancing connected with ‘longitudinal stability’ far greater than any which present themselves in learning to ride the ordinary type of machine. That difficulties of this character have to be overcome by anyone who wishes to master the art of gliding down-hill under gravity on machines similar to those experimented with by Lilienthal, Pilcher, Chanute, or Wright, has been stated by some of these successful experimenters.

The second point to be borne in mind is that the stability of a flying machine, in particular the longitudinal stability, depends essentially on the speed at which the machine is travelling. In the case of a gliding machine unprovided with a motor, this speed depends on the angle at which the machine is descending, as Captain Ferber has pointed out in criticising our work on the subject. Going back to the analogous problem in marine navigation, the shipbuilder knows that a ship which will not overturn in the middle of a sea voyage will not overturn when it comes to rest in port. But the same thing is not true of the flying machine. It does not seem possible, with the evidence now before us, to construct a flying machine which shall be longitudinally stable at all speeds. The mathematical investigation, so far as it has yet been carried, points to the conclusion that high speeds are safer than low ones, and the most elementary practical considerations appear to support the same conclusion. But there is a limit of speed below which a machine ceases to be stable. This limit necessarily introduces difficulties in connection with the problem of landing. The aeronaut must be able to check the speed of the machine quickly enough to avoid the danger of a smash, and at the same time not to allow time for the machine to overturn.

At this point the reader would do well to make a few experi-

ments in throwing gliders. No special apparatus is required. Take a piece of notepaper, fold it down the middle, and open till the two sides are slightly V-shaped—that is, not quite flat open. Load one end with a piece of stick, or even a lump of sealing-wax, in a line with the crease, and try throwing the paper so that it glides evenly through the air at a small angle with the horizon with the load foremost. This will be found very difficult; out of a large number of trials only a few, if any, will be found to anywhere approach success.

To modify the experiment, while the paper is folded it can be cut so as to somewhat resemble in shape the wings and tail of a bird. The tail should be bent upwards, the wings turned over slightly downwards in front, and the glider loaded as before. This form of glider will be found to fly much better than the preceding one, and if carefully cut, folded, and thrown, it may be made to travel in a series of waves, swooping down and then slightly rising before taking another swoop. An excellent winter game could be made by throwing gliders into a basket or hat.

If, however, an attempt be made to throw the glider from a considerable height, *e.g.* from an upper window—it will almost infallibly be found to overturn after describing two or three waves, however well it appeared to promise at the start.

It has been narrated that Glaisher in one of his famous balloon ascents dropped a glider from a considerable altitude. The glider in question flew perfectly well when thrown from a housetop, but in Glaisher's experiment, after gliding satisfactorily for a short distance, it capsized, and turned over and over till it reached the ground. Anyone who could make a successful experiment with six gliders dropped at random (not specially thrown) from a balloon, and who could secure that all the gliders righted themselves and sailed down to earth at a small angle to the horizon, *might* be a more worthy recipient of a large money-prize than the first man who drops down at Manchester, or comes crashing on to the roof of the London office of the Paris 'Matin.' He would certainly make a more valuable contribution towards the solution of the flight problem.

These results are completely in accordance with mathematical theory, and this is the third point to which attention is here drawn. When a wave strikes a ship sideways the ship begins to rock, but the rocking motion soon subsides in consequence of the resistance of the water; moreover, the subsidence is greatly accelerated

if the ship is furnished with bilge keels. To secure stability it is only necessary that when the ship is thrown over on one side it should begin to swing back towards its vertical position. This is not sufficient in the case of a flying machine. If such a machine should begin to tip over forwards, the pressure of the air may at first bring it back towards its proper position; but it may carry the machine too far beyond the proper position, thus causing it to tip over too much backwards. The machine may again swing forwards, and this time, after passing the proper position, it will tip over to a greater extent than it did the first time; in other

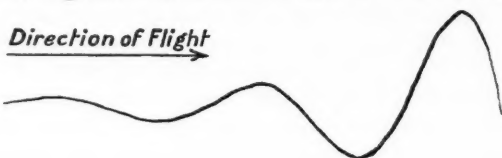


Fig 1

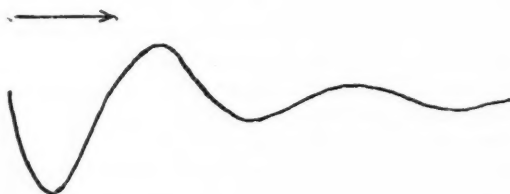


Fig 2

words, the pitching motion may go on increasing and increasing till a point is reached when the machine capsizes. *This is a kind of longitudinal instability quite different from anything with which the ordinary mechanic is familiar.* In order to try and make this somewhat difficult point clear the accompanying diagrams have been drawn, of course on an exaggerated scale. Fig. 2 represents the path of a flying machine moving from left to right, in which the pitching motion, as shown by the undulations, subsides as the machine moves on. In this case the machine would be described as *longitudinally stable*, and would be safe to experiment with. Fig. 1, on the other hand, represents the case of a machine in which the pitching is small at first but rapidly increases till the



machine becomes uncontrollable. For such a motion the machine would be longitudinally unstable, and, shall we say, 'unairworthy'—to coin an analogue for the word 'unseaworthy,' as applied to ships.

I believe that the great majority of people who construct flying machines think that in order to secure longitudinal stability it is only necessary to arrange the machine in such a way that the centre of gravity is a little below the centre of pressure. There could be no greater fallacy.

The views which are here put forward as the results of theoretical investigation have been in a great measure confirmed by certain remarks and expressions of opinion that have appeared in the Press regarding recent experiments. Thus the stability of the machine with which Santos Dumont recently astonished the world has been the subject of serious adverse criticism. It would appear that on one occasion at least Dumont landed from his flight quite smoothly. This was not unnatural, particularly considering the shortness of the flight, but on other occasions the machine is described as having struck the ground heavily. At the time these lines are being written an account has been published of preliminary experiments with two other aeroplane machines. One of them appears to have flown a distance far too short to afford any proper test of its stability, while the other seems to have immediately taken an upward turn that caused its propeller to beat against the ground.

There is yet a fourth difficulty to be considered. In a flying machine we have to take account of *two pitching motions, not one*, and either of these may cause the machine to upset. Mathematically speaking, this result is a consequence of the fact that the pitching motion is determined by an equation of the fourth degree. To those to whom this statement conveys no meaning I cannot at the present time suggest any simple explanation. A double motion of this kind can be exhibited very easily by attaching a heavy weight to a long string and suspending a light weight below it by a shorter string. Mr. Williams devised for the flying machine an ingenious experimental confirmation of the mathematical theory. He attached a piece of lighted magnesium wire to a model glider that was allowed to fall in front of a camera. In this way a photographic record was obtained of the path of the glider, and some of the photographs show the double oscillations very well. An idea of the kind of motion may be got from fig. 3. One of Mr. Williams's photographs showed that it was the quicker, not the



slower, pitching motion that caused the machine to upset. This result would completely explain the sudden and unexpected capsizing of certain flying machines when they appear to be sailing along smoothly.

The investigations under discussion show that there is no insuperable difficulty in reducing the problem of stability to a matter of mathematical calculation, and in this respect placing aerial navigation on the same footing with marine navigation. But when the question arose of applying the theory to any particular type of machine, I soon found that it was impossible to give more than a few simple illustrations exemplifying the methods of calculation, the reason being *want of sufficient experimental data for the purpose*. A great deal of experimental information has been collected regarding the resistance which an aeroplane encounters in moving through the air at any angle, but very few experimenters have studied the changes in the position of the



*Fig 3.*

*centre of pressure* or point at which this resistance acts. To make this remark more clear I may state that when an aeroplane is meeting an oblique current of air, the pressure is greater at the front than at the back edge of the aeroplane, and so the centre of pressure is a little in front of the middle point of the area. If the angle at which the aeroplane meets the wind is altered, the position of the centre of pressure will be shifted. This shifting of the centre of pressure plays a very important part in connection with the stability of a flying machine. There is a further point about which we have no experimental evidence whatever on which to work. If a flying machine is tilting over forwards or backwards, the resistances of the aeroplanes and the positions of their centres of pressure are not necessarily the same as if the machine were moving straight on. In the few calculations which were made this effect had to be left out of account for want of experimental information, and therefore the results obtained may require some modification.

Now the desired data are quite capable of being determined experimentally. A *stabilimeter*, or machine for making the determinations, would not be very different from certain apparatus that have been for some time in use, and such a machine would further enable any experimenter to test the stability of a complete model of his own flying machine, instead of merely experimenting on the separate aeroplanes. The stabilimeter would consist essentially of a revolving arm, to which the model to be experimented on would be attached in different positions. At the points of attachment three or more dynamometers—i.e. spring balances—would be fixed which would determine the forces acting on the model when it was whirled through the air by means of the revolving arm. In the case of a machine propelled mechanically the effects of the propeller would also have to be taken into account. The experimenter who makes such measurements will be in a position to work out the stability of his machine on paper, and to examine its possibilities of flying before he has even let his model take to the air. It will, however, be necessary for practical purposes to simplify or, to use what is practically a technical term, 'boil down' the mathematical work to the form of simple rules which can be applied by people who do not understand the theory underlying them, and all this will take time and thought.

In a discussion which took place on this subject at the Aeronautical Society three years ago, the opinion was expressed that a great many people would rather risk breaking their necks over experiments with defective machines than study biquadratic equations and determinants. This is an essentially English way of looking at the matter. It is not the spirit of Captain Ferber, who combines the ability of an accomplished mathematician with the dexterity of an expert glider. Personally I believe that a mere knowledge of the mathematical theory will greatly assist the experimenter in understanding the working of his machine and learning to master its peculiarities.

That successful flights over short distances will become more frequent as time goes on is highly probable; that accidents will often occur is also highly probable; that the problem of flight will sooner or later be fully worked out in every detail is certain; but a great deal of work, concerning which no sensational accounts will appear in the papers, will have to be done behind the scenes, before the 'chauffeur' of the present day need fear the rivalry of the 'aviateur' of the future.

*THE COUNTESS OF PICPUS.*<sup>1</sup>

BY MAURICE HEWLETT.

## CHAPTER IV.

## CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD REVEALS HIMSELF.

ENORMOUSLY refreshed by his slumbers, Captain Brazenhead awoke feeling the need of a draught, and roared until he got it. He arose as a giant renewed with wine, dipped his head in cold water and combed his hair back with his fingers, gave a flick to his moustachios, put on his boots, sword-belt and sword, and was ready for what he had to do.

His cloak upon his arm, his steel bonnet on his head, he descended the stair and inquired for Madame Cornichon. She was landlady of *The Stag*, stout and well-favoured; she received him with smiles, for his account had been liberally discharged by the lavish Pym.

'Madame,' said he—and his French was extremely polished—'I must beg the favour of a short but intimate conversation with you.'

'As short, sir, as you please,' said Madame Cornichon, 'and as intimate as I please. On those terms your favour is granted. Be seated, sir.' Captain Brazenhead had set a chair for the lady, handed her to it, seated himself and laid his hand lightly upon his heart.

After an effective pause, 'Madame,' he said, 'I am not what I appear.'

'Nobody is,' said Madame Cornichon, who had had a great deal of experience.

'And nobody less so than I,' said the Captain, undismayed. 'For reasons of family, for reasons of politics, I appear to you as a warring Englishman. You expected me to join a company, to start for Orleans—and I surprised you by not going. Be not deceived, Madame. I am not an Englishman, though the English are my friends. My master, however, is the Duke of Burgundy, and my mission is done. I am about to depart for my lands.'

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1907, by Maurice Hewlett, in the United States of America.

'For your lands, sir!' cried the lady. 'God bless me, have you lands?'

'Madame, a many, fair and wide—in the east, Madame. Reasons, as I say, of family and statecraft urge me to conceal my degree; but reasons of heart, Madame, not to be denied, insist upon full and open confession. Madame, I am the Count of Picpus.'

Nobody could have been more interested than Madame Cornichon in this dramatic avowal. Nobody could have been more touched by its frankness and evident sincerity. The revelation was sudden; but there's no doubt that the name of Picpus had struck the Captain's fancy.

'You have in your service, Madame,' he pursued, 'a young person of taking appearance and considerable charm of manner. I admit that she has pleased me. I consider that she would look well in the chambers of my Castle of Picpus. It is not often that I am deceived in anybody; I am somewhat notorious for my rapidity of judgment. I say that this young person has attracted my attention, and I ask you whether the matter cannot be arranged between us according to the bent of my humour. I have here, Madame'—and he relieved his doublet of its gigantic burden—'I have here wherewith to offer you any equivalent in reason for the inconvenience my wayward fancies may put you to.' He untied the sack: 'Madame, how much shall we say for the cancelling of the hiring agreement of Nicole la Grâce?' He had a handful of rose nobles weighing in his hand; and Madame Cornichon, whatever suspicion she may have had before, had nothing now but enthusiasm for her distinguished guest.

'Monsieur le Comte,' said she, 'as I am a very honest woman, although I keep an inn, I shall take the liberty of informing you that one of those pieces would pay the wages of Nicole for five years, and that half of one would more than pay her value for life in my eyes.'

Captain Brazenhead replied somewhat stiffly, 'Your humour, Madame, does not jump with mine. I set no bounds to the value of the damsel. But we noblemen are not to be denied. I could not, upon my honour, assess the value of the young person at less than this sack of nobles, but I must not gainsay you. You are mistress here, and your word is law. Allow me to offer you—' whereupon he gently pressed a couple of his fine coins into her hand. 'At nightfall I set out for my lands,' he said, 'and will take the young person with me. If it would not be troubling you

excessively, I should be obliged if you would inform her of her changed fortunes. Madame, I salute you—the Count of Picpus, who fears nothing but dishonour, salutes you.’ Captain Brazenhead kissed the hand of Madame Cornichon and bowed himself out. In so doing he left behind him the most astounded landlady in the distracted realm of France.

Leaving Captain Brazenhead for the moment to look after himself, as I think I may, there is no doubt that his proposals, as translated by Madame Cornichon, with regard to Nicole made a great stir in the kitchen of The Stag. When Madame Cornichon, aproned and bare-armed to the elbows, came in to prepare the eleven o’clock ordinary, and found her bevy of maids, cooks, and scullions eating their dinner, her first act was to go to Nicole and take her by the chin.

‘Madame de Picpus,’ said she, ‘I congratulate you with all my heart.’ Then she kissed the girl, to the astonishment of the table, and added, ‘Monsieur le Comte has been generous—lavish indeed. You are a fortunate girl and a joy to your parents—and I lose a treasure ! But I have never stood in a girl’s way yet, and never will.’

The maids nudged each other, the varlets bolted their food or choked within their cups of horn ; but Nicole crimsoned to the roots of her hair. Madame Cornichon, happy in the bolt she had let fall in her little domestic pool, watching, as it were, the ever-widening rings it made, smiled benevolently upon the glowing maid and patted her cheek. ‘Yes, my children,’ she said, ‘we have indeed entertained an angel unadvised ; but in such a city as Bordeaux, and in such an inn as The Stag, all kinds of company may be expected—quality as well as *canaille*. I do but state the fact, however. This child, whom I hired six months come Pentecost in the fair of Beaugency for a hundred *sols* a year and a new stuff gown at Lady Day, leaves us this night as Countess of Picpus, and rides to her lands with the Count her husband. My lamb,’ and she caressed Nicole, ‘this board is not for the likes of you any more. Go and clean yourself and come into the counting-house. No doubt his Excellency the Count will inform you of his intentions.’ Nicole, without a word to say, rose from the table and retired. Madame Cornichon sent for a flagon of Léoville and gave the toast of the Count and Countess of Picpus. It was received with acclamation. All the maids of The Stag received firm proposals in the course of the afternoon.

But it was Captain Brazenhead's turn to be astonished when, upon returning from his affairs, he learned from Madame Cornichon of the interpretation she had put upon his declaration. For one moment his resource failed him—for that pulsing moment when Madame Cornichon said slyly, 'Curb your impatience, monseigneur. The bride arrays herself.'

He bayed upon her—his fine form bent itself at the hips, as a boy's for leap-frog; but his head, stiffening, refused to bend. His eyes, terribly fixed upon the lady, were like speckled opals, to each a black point; his mouth was open, his tongue flapped heavily like the tail of a fish out of water. '*Plaît-il?*'—he made a great effort.

'*Madame de Picpus va venir,*' said Madame Cornichon; and the Captain said, 'Ha!' and swallowed hard. Then, raising himself to his natural height, he folded his arms and uttered the sublime words, 'It is well; you have done well, Madame.'

This heroism braced him; he was able to converse on indifferent topics with Madame Cornichon; he was able to compose his mind. When, in due course, the fair Nicole came timidly into the room, arrayed in her gown of contract, the new stuff gown which she had received at Lady Day, and a variety of silver ornaments in her hair, he was able to salute her as a duchess; to kiss the tips of her fingers, hand her to a chair, and turn his mind to the arrangements proper to be made for a future Countess of Picpus. These necessitated another visit to the town, another formal leave-taking, which was duly performed.

If it would be hard to account for Captain Brazenhead's prevarication—to use no harsher term—during his first interview with Madame Cornichon, so momentous to himself, it would be still harder to explain his behaviour in the light of the second. Perhaps a desire to excel, very creditable to any man, may have been his monitor; perhaps a prevision of the course of events, perhaps a feeling that not otherwise than by rigorous lying could he carry off at one and the same time his personal dignity and a kitchen-maid from The Stag who had caught his fancy and inflamed his passions. To do the Captain justice, I propose a compromise. A man is, in a sense, what he desires to be: if Captain Brazenhead therefore aspired to a County in Savoy, in imagination, in all that ennobles a man and sets him above the brutes, he was indeed a Count. The title, Count of Picpus, so trippingly did it come, had captivated him from the first moment he heard it; no dream

of his hot midnight youth could have flattered him with a fairer future than such a degree. Count of Picpus! Oh, it should go hard with him if such were not his style within the year. And he had a plan: he saw his way: he did but advance by a few mad months the astounding, the overwhelming, the reeling fact. And then came the thought of Nicole, that charming girl, so bashful and yet so circumspect. Here I think we may put a finger upon the point where magnanimity became a source of weakness, and imagination, like an over-fertilised plant, wasted in profusion of leafage what might have produced fruit-bearing flowers. His intentions towards Nicole were up to this point vague if generous. His Castle of Picpus: she would look well there. He saw her already there, trundling a mop, a carnation between her teeth—charming, charming Nicole! Better this by far than the life of religion to which he had so nearly resigned her. So far and no further had his fancy carried her when he opened his mind to Madame Cornichon.

But Madame Cornichon was made of different fibre, or you may be sure she had never thriven at The Stag. Imagination with her was strictly limited to the scope of the cash-box. She had as little zest for long scores as for long-bows. To her mind this bristling, ardent Count of Picpus, with his sackfuls of minted money and tales of dukes and lordships, was a romantic figure just so far as his sacks and his duchies would take him; otherwise he was plainly a fool. In nothing was he so plainly a fool as in his proposals towards Nicole and his extravagant payment for the forfeiture of her hiring. What the exact nature of these proposals might be she did not inquire or care, but it suited her humour to give them an ironic magnificence. It gratified her to go into her own kitchen and pluck out a little nobody by the hand and announce her to her gaping mates as a Countess of Picpus. It gratified her also to impart to her astounding guest the droll turn she had given to his arrangements. This sort of thing tickled Madame Cornichon. She indulged her contempt for the lower orders, and was able to put a man who gave himself airs into a ridiculous position—his proper place, in fact.

But she had reckoned without her Captain, or rather she had reckoned with only half of him. And if she made that half of him ridiculous which she understood, that other half of him which she could never understand made her in turn ridiculous. For that other half of him took her seriously—and was in



five minutes as complacent as could be over the new aspect of affairs.

Countess of Picpus ! Thus in a flash the Captain's heart tutored his head. Oh, shy, recondite and humble beauty ! Oh, peering hedge flower ! What a Countess of Picpus had he won ! There is no man of heart and head who does not picture with a beating pulse the day when he may lift such an one out of the dust, and say, 'Behold, my dove, my fair one, what a crown for thy quiet brow is provided by the largess of my love !' I say that this was a noble aspiration of Captain Brazenhead's, which only lacked performance to make all earnest lovers ashamed to put their professions beside it ; and I say also that it is hard to reproach a soldier with his lack of a title of honour before the very existence of that dignity has been for twenty-four hours within his knowledge. Certainly Captain Brazenhead would have laid the Picpus circlet at the feet of Nicole had he had it. As he had it not, the next best thing which he could do he did—I mean, when he hailed her by the name which he now entirely intended her to bear.

A tailor, with three apprentices, from the Rue Saint-Remy, was occupied with the person of the new Madame de Picpus from noon until five ; a riding-dress of crimson velvet of Genoa figured with pomegranates and coronets was the result—and a charming result. A peaked headdress, with a silk veil about the turned-back brim, for the dust and heat of travel, added dignity to charm ; scarlet riding-boots of soft leather, gauntlets of chamois skin—but so much for the outward necessities of a lady of condition ; and of the others, invisible but very proper, be sure that the rose nobles of the Bishop of Agde did not spare them. At a quarter before six Captain Brazenhead entered the counting-house of Madame Cornichon, and, jewelled cap in hand, bowed before his bride. In a stately manner, forgetful neither of the emotions of a lover nor of the dignity of rank, he knelt to kiss her hand. Madame Cornichon was by this time in tears. She was herself a personable woman, a widow of but a few months' standing ; it is possible, therefore, that her tears were not of pure happiness ; it is possible that envy was the drop of venom which gave them a sting. Here was a splendid man on his knees to a slip of a girl—and for God knew what reason, since there was nothing in her. However that may be, she was a good soul, and vowed their Excellencies should have cause to remember their last hour at The Stag of Bordeaux. Excusing herself, she hastened to the kitchen, and soon, while Captain



Brazenhead was kissing Madame de Picpus, a fine capon was turning on the spit, and two scullions basting it with lard.

The Captain did not conceal his extreme satisfaction with the turn of events. With Madame de Picpus on his knee he explained to her how fortunate was the hour in which he had first seen her trundling her mop. 'But for thee, my heart's heart, I had been trailing through the swamps of Guienne in the hire of a Bishop of Agde; but for thee, I had been at the mercy of a man with but one serviceable eye; but for thee there had been no County of Picpus, no treasury, without which titles of honour are but an itch. In fine, my sovereign, from thy lap have I picked up all my worldly store, and it shall go hard with me but I return it sevenfold into thy bosom.'

Nicole thanked him becomingly. 'Sir,' said she, 'I will engage to be an obedient wife to your lordship. I am but a poor girl——'

'Zounds!' cried the Captain, 'not at all. You are a very lovely person, and need but a thing or two, which you shall presently have, to be the Countess in fact which you are already in expectation.'

'And what things do I need, sir?' asked Nicole. The Captain stretched out his hand and took a flower from a glass. 'To my eye,' he said, 'you need a flower in your mouth. Not that your lips are not already a flower, but that the obstacle may provoke me.'

Laughingly she took the stalk between her teeth. 'We cannot live on kisses, sir,' she said.

'We can try, however,' said the Captain, and tried.

I think that Captain Brazenhead, suffering from a defect which is common to all great men, had underrated his charming companion. Because she was pretty, he thought she was a toy; because she was scared, he thought she was unformed; because she was kind, he thought that he should have the forming of her. The reality was to be made plain to him.

'What are you going to do with me now, sir?' asked Nicole, when the Captain had demonstrated his point about kisses. It will now be seen that she was a girl of some force of character, for when he had replied gaily that he was about to make her his Countess, she asked him if he was a Count? Now, nobody had ever asked him that before, and for a moment it sobered him.

'By the Face, and I am not, my dear, and that's a fact,' said he. Nicole pondered this avowal with hanging head. She did not

move from her seat upon his knee, but she plucked the carnation to pieces while she thought.

'Then how am I a Countess?' was the upshot of her meditation. The Captain stroked his moustachios.

'In this way, as I take it, my dear. I am a man of decision and speed, as you have found out—hey?'

'Yes, sir,' said Nicole, 'so much I have found out.'

'Counts are as plenty,' he continued, 'as herrings in the blue water—and where I go there are Counties to be had.'

'And where do you go, sir?'

'I go to my—to Picpus.'

'Oh, sir, that is far!'

'It is in Dauphiné, I believe,' said the Captain, 'or thereabouts. I know the road.'

'And in Picpus—you will be Count of Picpus?'

'Not at all, my dear,' said Captain Brazenhead. 'In Picpus I shall secure the Lady Sanchia Des-Baux, whom one Picpus stole as a guileless infant, and shall restore her to her inheritance. By that means I earn her undying gratitude, and the pardon of her kinsman the Bishop of Agde for a temporary inconvenience I may have caused him. In the very act of so doing I possess myself of the Seignory of Picpus; for the robber and assassin who now holds it, you must understand, is gone to Rome to seek a divorce from his wife, the Lady Blanchemains. Therefore—'

'Therefore,' said Nicole, 'one of two things must occur. Either you marry the Lady Sanchia instead of her present possessor—in which case I am not Countess of Picpus, or you slay the Count of Picpus on his return to his castle—in which case you are hanged.'

'Pest!' said the Captain, 'all this is very possible.'

'I have a better proposal to make,' said Nicole, 'which is that you do not go to Picpus at all, but leave the Lady Sanchia where she is, and the Count of Picpus in Rome.'

'And where do you propose to go, my love?' said he.

'I propose to go to Les-Baux, which is nearer, and has more amenity. I don't love mountain countries. I am not used to them, and they give me the spleen.'

'Les-Baux,' said the Captain, 'is good, and a fair inheritance. But it is in ruin, and all the inhabitants put to the sword by the false Picpus.'

'So much the better,' replied Nicole. 'You and I will repeople it,' and she blushed faintly.

'I see my way so far,' said the Captain; 'I certainly see my way. But the Count—the false Picpus, as I have well called him——'

'You tell me that he is unknown in Provence?'

'Save in name, and by a reputation which is both redoubted and deplorable, I believe he is.'

'Then you have answered your own objection,' said Nicole. 'He remains the false Picpus, and you the true Picpus. Am I clear?'

'Clear as the sky of Provence, clear as the Rhone flood. But the Lady Sanchia——?'

'I am your Lady Sanchia,' said Nicole, and kissed Captain Brazenhead. You need not ask with what rapture she was pressed to his bosom, nor whether her kisses were returned. He swore by the Nine Worthies of Christendom that no Count of Picpus his ancestor had ever won a more dainty bride. He blessed Balthasar, King of Armenia and Cologne, that from his loins had sprung so notable a Des-Baux—last, loveliest, and most subtle of her race. He reminded her of the war-cry of her family, in case she should have forgotten it. '*Au hasard, Balthasar!*' he cried, and waved his sword over their heads;—and he swore by Saints Dominus Tecum, and Nobis Peccatoribus that not one hour should elapse before he was heading for the violated domain of his injured, innocent, ravished lady.

Considerably more than an hour did elapse, however, for there was a supper with Madame Cornichon, which was gay, and a ceremony to follow it, which was protracted. Indeed, the sun was dimpling Garonne with points and cressets of light when the horses were brought out and Madame de Picpus lifted gallantly to the saddle by her spouse. Even then a chance word from Madame Cornichon in the midst of her farewell reminded Captain Brazenhead that a duty remained undone.

'Au bonheur, Monsieur et Dame,' cried the good woman for the fifteenth time, 'but it vexes me that you should leave without a lackey.' Then Captain Brazenhead struck his thigh.

'I have one, by Cock and had forgotten him. Go one of you and fetch me my rascal.' And he named the shelf where Simon Muschamp would be found.

And so he was, and there is no need to ask whether he swore to be a loyal servitor to M. and Madame de Picpus. If thirteen hours' vigil, trussed on a shelf, do not inspire a man with a devoted

attachment to his master—to say nothing of a drubbing, robbery of a sack of rose nobles, robbery of a mistress—then where, we may ask with Captain Brazenhead, where in this world may an honest servant be found? Simon Muschamp's own ideas on this and other subjects will be learned very slowly. I will only warn the reader that he, too, had a soul of his own; which is probably the case with every man born of woman, though the romancers, historians, and politicians of the world, for reasons best known to themselves, are apt to overlook it.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE CITY ACCURSED.

IN after-years Captain Brazenhead could never hear the name Raymond, be told that the day was the sixteenth of May, or be reminded of the city of Toulouse without an affection of the muscles of the face painful to witness. A series of twitchings, like those incessant flickering sheets of light which the Italians call Saint Elmo's fire, played upon him without mercy. He looked like a palsied man. His lips shot open and showed his teeth chattering together; his eyelids glimmered over eyes all white; his ears seemed endowed with a life of their own, and his moustachios bristled of themselves. The reason of this malady, fortunately transient, has now to be related. In the city of Toulouse, on May 16, 1428, under the governance of Sieur Raymond de Breteuil, chief Consul of the place, Captain Brazenhead suffered defeat, deprivation of goods, wounding of his members, and rigorous confinement to gaol. Let these things be related in order.

If we are to consider as defects in his character that he too readily believed persons to be what he wished them to be, and too readily supposed circumstances to be remediable by exertion, our judgment upon him will be lenient, for these are noble defects. His was that generous nature which gives as lightly as it takes; it made him an ardent friend as well as a gallant enemy; it caused him to forgive as readily as to pursue; and while his head was exceedingly fertile in shifts and delighted altogether in plots against the law, human and divine, it was not within his force to refrain his heart from exulting in their remarkable subtlety, nor from inviting approbation of them from those whose fitness to approve was sometimes peculiar.

Some of these qualities of the Captain's have already been exhibited. It may be said that he had been precipitate in his alliance with the fair Nicole, peremptory in his dealings with Simon Muschamp; that he had been predatory, indeed. He had possessed himself of a heart to which Simon had had a claim, of treasure which Simon had secured for himself, of a County of Picpus: lastly, he had laid hands upon the person of Simon, had drubbed it, trussed it, put it on a shelf. Pass all these things: to the victor the spoils—he would have been the first to admit it. But then his nobility—that greatness of soul which must needs be generous with what it has not, sooner than ungenerous—entered into a plot against him. He was reproached by Madame Cornichon—or felt it a reproach—that he was a Count who took a lady into his lands, not as his Countess. He could not bear that; he made her his Countess. He was made next to feel very keenly the perilous tenure of the coronet which Nicole had been asked to wear, and agreed, too readily perhaps, to the remedy which she proposed. In other words, to ensure her a County which he did not possess he agreed to her assumption of a name to which she had no claim. Had this been all it had been enough; but there was more. Madame Cornichon had regretted the absence of a servant. Could a Count bear that his lady should so travel through France unattended? He felt that keenly; it stung. Remembering Simon Muschamp, with whom he might well have been content to cry quits, remembering him greatly, he forgave him, and set him up as a servant. He did unwisely; he started a new score on the slate, which he had to pay.

Following the course of the Garonne towards its fountain-head, all went well with Captain Brazenhead until he left English territory at Maimande and entered the tormented soil of France. Here, as he told Nicole, it was necessary to go tender-foot, to avoid cities, to lie close by day, to work in the dark. Nicole agreed to these reasonable precautions very cheerfully; she was a charming companion, full of resource, complaisant, and not easily daunted. Partly upon her advice, partly because, it will be remembered, he admired the name, he used his title of Count of Picpus whenever it was absolutely necessary to declare himself. It may have helped him here and there, or it may not; it certainly gave him a great deal of pleasure, and he may have indulged a pardonable vanity in respect to it more than was prudent. Simon Muschamp, the Loyal Servitor, as he was pleased to call himself, used it on

every occasion. There was no inn at which they baited, no smithy, no toll-gate, no ferry, no monastery in which they spent the night, and no tavern in which the Captain delighted to tell his tales, where full warning had not been given beforehand of his Excellency's wealth, prowess, rank and ancestry. The consequence of this was that the fame of Monsieur de Picpus went before and spread about him, and that when he arrived in any village the inhabitants stood to receive him with their caps held out. In these he did not fail to drop coins of silver. He endowed marriageable maidens, he gave honest youths their indentures. In or near Montauban it is said that he touched for the evil, but I think this must be an exaggeration, although it is certainly a fact that a member of the house of Picpus had once been anti-pope for a week. Another consequence was that Simon was pretty soon able to leave the renown of M. de Picpus to take care of itself—and another that the sack of rose nobles became less and less inconvenient to carry.

Nevertheless, all went passably well until, in an evil hour, Captain Brazenhead fell in with Nicole's whim and consented to diverge from his safer road—which had been across the watershed from Villemar into the valley of the Tarn—in order that she might make her offering at the famous shrine of Saint Sernin in the city of Toulouse. He should have known better, and he did. The men of Languedoc were his detestation and derision at once. He considered that they talked too much and too loud; he considered them vainglorious and liars; and he could not deny that they were as handy with the sword, or nearly so, as they said they were. Toulouse, again, was perilously near Perpignan, where Pym should be awaiting him and his treasure—Pym of the drooping eyelid, with the Bishop of Agde on his mind. All this the Captain urged upon his Nicole's attention, but so delicately that it is just possible she missed his apprehensions. He did not say, 'My life, let us avoid Toulouse as we should the devil. If I am known in Toulouse I may be taken: if you are known there, you may be put to the Bridewell or whatsoever plague of a name they give that sort of place in this country.' This he did not say, but instead, taking her rosy face between his hands, smiling upon her in that easy way a man well fed is wont to take—'Why, chuck,' said he, 'hast thou a thanks-giving to make on my account? Hath Heaven been so kind? Hast thou a man at thy feet who can deny thee nothing, and must thou needs boast of that to Our Lady? Store it up, child, in thy pretty head until we reach the good town of Albi. There is a rare

church there, I know, for once when I served Burgundy I helped to sack it—and this cicatrice, look you ——’ he bared his right arm, and there, deep in forested hair, showed the white scar—‘came from a dint with his crosier which the Abbot of Saint-Symphorien gave me. In Albi minster shalt thou give God thanks for stout Salomon, thy lord, pretty sweeting—but not in Toulouse, as thou lovest him.’ Nicole pouted and withdrew her face from his hands. The Loyal Servitor intruded.

‘Your pardon, sir,’ he said, ‘if I make bold to speak.’

‘It is granted, Simon.’

‘Then, sir, I say that Madame is right, and your Excellency in error.’

‘How so, by the Face?’

‘Thus, sir. In Albi you are nearer to your mark, but further from your power of hitting it. From Toulouse—if you retire to reach it—you can spring further.’

The Captain said, ‘I take you; I am obliged to you—enough said,’ which was his invariable habit when something was put to him which he did not understand. He had no more objection to offer, and Nicole once more put her face between his hands. They rode into Toulouse by nightfall the next day. That was the 15th of May.

The offering which Nicole designed for Saint Sernin’s shrine was a handsome candle of ten pounds’ weight. It was very necessary that it should be carried for her to the church, and indeed, as Simon pointed out, that some warning should be given to the Canons of the Church of the approaching bounty. Space would be required for such a candle; the shrine might be locked, the guardian away. Now, for a lady of the condition of Madame de Picpus to present herself with a ten-pound candle and be kept waiting was not to be thought of. What did his Excellency advise? His Excellency, who was sleepy and had been too early roused, was short about the candle.

‘Waiting? Will they keep thy mistress waiting? There will be ears to be slit if they do, the southern swine. Go you, Simon, and tell Messieurs les Chanoines that Madame de Picpus is inclined to salute Monsieur Saint Sernin, who, if he is the gentleman I take him for, will be too much honoured by the compliment. Go you, in the devil’s name, and leave me to my repose.’

‘I will go, sir,’ said Simon, and went. At a later hour Monsieur de Picpus accompanied Madame to the church of Saint Sernin, which, with the Golden Violet of poets, is the chief glory of the city



of Toulouse. I must be more exact. He accompanied Nicole to the door of the church, but excused himself from further attendance.

He had always had churches in suspicion, chiefly because for fighting purposes they cramp a man—with their doors which lead to other doors, and their cloisters, where you may chase about like a rat in a cage and never get nearer your man, or further from him, as your case may urgently need. Outside he would admire with all the world, and there was no better judge than he of the scope of a great nave, the buttressing of chapels, the poise of a cupola, or the right proportions of flanking towers. Inside, he would not go if he could help it. 'They talk Latin in there; they talk to themselves. It may be mischief they are devising; who knows? Once I was carried to church, and they put salt on my tongue, and scared me damnably, as I hear by report. Other times I have been, and once more I purpose to go; but then I shall be carried thither, and in a manner careless what tongue they choose for their conversations.' He was very stout upon this matter, and the fair Nicole, whose hope it certainly was to get him to church before long, had to give way. He held aside the curtain for her and bowed her in, and that done he walked up and down the square, expanding his chest and spreading his cloak to the early morning sun. There was much business doing there: the market was at its height and the chattering as shrill as that of pies in a pear-tree. Captain Brazenhead admired and was admired. The fine eyes he made, the fine figure he was—his crimson cloak, his gold ornaments, his long sword and his thigh-boots! If he caused hearts to flutter and eyes to fall there's no wonder, for his affability was extraordinary, and Tolosan beauty is famous all the world over. But his eye was very much upon the young men, whose fine bearing pleased him while he disapproved their clamouring. 'With some of these striplings I could do very well,' he considered. 'They would look well in the Picpus livery, the Picpus bannerol fluttering from their spears. A forced march, a series of them, a night surprise, the barbican snatched—the seneschal on his knees with the key on a cushion: I see it all. And these dark-skinned young heroes for my feudatories, crying, "A Picpus! A Picpus!" The thought warms me. I must make a levy: it was good that I came hither, it seems. Bless the pious thought of Nicole my Countess that is to be!'

These and other imaginations occupied him very pleasantly for an hour and a half. He carried them with him to the tavern of



The Burning Bush, where they lost nothing by the application of strong waters to their fire. It was towards the hour of noon when he went again to the church and sat himself upon the steps of the parvise, to wait for Nicole, and to continue his meditations. It is certain also, and not surprising, that he slept ; for his nights had been broken of late, and he had much need of repose.

When he awoke it was as nearly as possible three o'clock, an hour when nobody in Toulouse with a door to his house is outside that door. Captain Brazenhead sat up with a jerk of the head, snorted, sneezed twice and was awake. The position of the sun warned him that much time had been consumed, the state of his feelings that no food had been. Where the mischief was Madame de Picpus ? Where the Loyal Servitor, one of whose first duties surely was to see that his master was filled ? Before him, as he wandered, the Place Saint-Sernin stretched out, vast and arid plain of white pavement quivering with radiant heat ; behind him towered up the figured side of the church, silent, shrouded, immense, tenanted only in its topmost flight by pigeons. The mystery of all this emptiness, the irresponsiveness of the mountainous masonry, the shade in which he had slept so long struck a chill upon him. He shivered ; a premonition came to him stealthily like the wind of an approaching storm. Upon his feet the next moment, he tried the doors ; they were locked. He strode the length and breadth, the returning length of the church ; all doors were locked. He was puzzled, he was uneasy, he was extremely hungry. Was it possible that Madame de Picpus had returned to the inn ? Was it possible, O Heaven, that—— ? Before he had achieved the terrible thought that possessed him he stopped, fell a-trembling, stooped and picked up something from the pavement. It was a flower : a clove carnation with a bitten stalk. Here, then, was the message of disaster—the one piteous cry for help which Nicole had been able to voice. This indeed smote him like a stroke of the sun through the shoulder-blades. He had no doubts now : he was ashy pale when he looked up. 'Now,' he said, 'I know the worst. My glory has faded, the chill grows. It is the hour of sunset.' He made the sign of the Cross as he invoked the Saints of his innermost reverence. 'Cosmas and Damian, you physicians of the soul, Martin of Tours, thou princely giver, Salomon my namesake, and you, ye Eleven Thousand Virgins, my countrywomen and my patterns as well, aid me in this hour and watch over me well. It is the hour of sunset, say you ? Amen, says Brazenhead, but this sun shall go down in blood.' He

threw about him his cloak of imperial dye, put his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and strode over the Place Saint-Sernin.

Tall houses stood about, fronting the church, silent all and shuttered against the sun. A narrow arched entry, cut out of two such, was the road he elected to go. It led into a cave of dark and gloomy aspect, a lane between high, black and unfeatured walls, whose rare windows were barred with iron and doors studded with the same. It bore the unhappy designation of the Rue des Yeux Crevés; but it led him directly to his inn, and he did not notice its name. Roland at the closing in of the Dolorous Pass could not have been more indifferent than he to presages of evil. Was not evil already there?

A man in a peaked cap stepped out of a doorway, a sworded man in a black cloak, a man of sinister aspect, with a bristling beard, hooked nose and a pair of high, arched eyebrows, one higher than the other.

'Give you a fair afternoon, sir,' said he, with what Brazenhead felt to be ironic intention. He took it up as it was meant.

'It is a very foul afternoon,' said he shortly, 'and you shall give me nothing.' The man stopped, drawing back his head and presenting a shoulder.

'Do you bandy words, swordsman? Are you for a play?'

'By Cock, and I bandy what you please,' says the Captain. 'I have heavy thoughts, and a heavy hand at a play.'

Then his man came towards him, peaking his head like a running bird. 'You are uncivil, sir, look you,' says he, 'and that may not be with a gentleman of Toulouse.'

Captain Brazenhead threw open his cloak. 'I have yet to learn that I am,' he said.

'*Touché!*' cried the man, and whistled on his fingers.

Immediately the entry seemed to swarm with men, who came from all sides and in all manners, like conspirators from a wood in a tragedy. Two let themselves down from an upper window, one came running up from the archway behind him, two more from the angle, others from doorways in recesses. All were armed, and all in a hurry; and even as they came on, the first arrival had drawn his blade and was pressing our Captain. This was an ambush, it was clear, and promised to go hard with its victim.

He did all that a man could, encompassed by so cloudy a host. Planting himself against the wall, his cloak about his left arm for a shield, his sword whisking now here, now there, it was a truly

terrific defence. And as he fought he sang gaily to himself, his troubles forgot. Or he talked, 'Bristles, beware, thou fightest Brazenhead ! Ah, that was shrewdly countered, boy of Shrewsbury !

The maid looked up, the maid looked down,  
With never a word to say—a.

Why, scullion, if thou wilt have it, have it and hold——' and here to a creeping ruffian, who had come on all fours behind to hamstring him with a bill, he gave his death-blow between the shoulders and withdrew the sword in the nick of time to parry a lunge from his first opponent and to flesh him deeply in the groin. He disarmed yet another ; but when two came at him together, and a third, clambering from the projecting grating of a window, cut at his head with a halberd, his attention was distracted, and a wound in the forearm maddened him. Coolness deserted him ; for a moment or two he saw all the passage one burning red ; then, like the tortured bull in the ring, he went blindly to his destruction, leapt upon his coupled foes, grappled and fell with them. There was a crowded moment of snorting, tussling, and stabbing on the ground, and for one man at least it was his last. But he who had stood in the window jumped from his advantage into the *mêlée*, and, alighting in the small of the Captain's back, knocked him, as he said, 'all ways at once' ; others came to help . . . all was over. Captain Brazenhead, in chains, was haled to the Donjon, and there for the present he must remain.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE GREAT LEVY.

THE window, to call it so, of the prison in which our Captain lay for three weeks looked upon the elegant belfry of Saint Godoi, church of that pious hero who was first a slave, then a Christian, then an archbishop, and then all three at once, until martyrdom was added as a perfect distinction from all other slaves, Christians and archbishops ; and upon this belfry in the early day of his incarceration a couple of pigeons had set up their nest, and used to delight him with their innocent demonstrations of affection. Occasionally they harrowed his feelings, for he could not but remember, 'Thus, ah, God, I might have kissed the neck of the lovely Madame de Picpus !' or 'Thus, in my courtly fashion, I might have swelled

before my Countess, thus bowed and curvetted before her, and thus—aha!’ A spasm of baffled hope would interrupt him here, and turn him to other relaxations of his hard leisure—such as the taming of a mouse, study of the architecture of Saint Godoi’s belfry, or attacks upon the virtue of the gaoler’s daughter, a personable Tolosan who brought him bread and water twice a day. But she gave him to understand that she could not abide a hairy man, since her affections were unalterably set upon a canon of the cathedral. He had no notion of the state of her feelings, she said; but that made no difference. Where the treasure is, there will the heart be, and she had rather listen to his blackbird notes in choir and think with unencumbered mind upon his smooth person than be the promised bride of Cyrus, King of Persia, or two Roman Emperors. So piteous a tale of true love unrequited touched Captain Brazenhead’s heart, and he took a vow of celibacy, and kept it until he was released from prison, when—— But I anticipate.

Severe scrutiny was cast upon him when two of the Consuls of Toulouse, with scribes and men-at-arms, visited his cell, but no direct accusation was brought against him, and there was no talk of a trial. High crimes and misdemeanours were hinted at. It was said that he had refused to enter a church; and men had been burned for less than that. He had attacked six citizens and wounded four of them; he had publicly cursed the city of Toulouse. All this—the paucity of such charges—was very encouraging, and disposed Captain Brazenhead to be eloquent. It was plain that they knew nothing of Pym, of the Bishop of Agde and his necessities; it was plain, in short, that one could do no harm and might do much good by copious lying. ‘When you are in a strait,’ the Captain was fond of saying, ‘it is far better to be eloquent than terse. For if you tell your adversary many things, mixing the true with the false, he is certain to believe you a liar and to doubt most of what you tell him. If among the many things he disbelieves the truth is not included, then you are a bungler, and deserve what you get.’ Captain Brazenhead was therefore eloquent. If the Consuls had been Moses and Aaron, and Captain Brazenhead a rock in Canaan—if their charges against him had been the staff with which they struck him, and his speech the miraculous result—then all that can be said is, the children of Israel had been drowned. He soused them with periods; they cast up their hands from his words like foundering men. One scribe wore his pen down to the

feathers, and the other drank the ink, as if he would write with his fingers. The last phrase actually written down was, 'Oh, perverse and malignant generation of the latter days of the once inclyte and hierophantic city of Toulouse, where I, descended from the Emperors of Byzantium, like another Prometheus, give fire to men and perish at the entrails——' and the reason why the sentence was never finished was that the Consuls were running about the room calling for help, and that the scribe who had drunk the ink was ill. Among other facts insisted upon by Captain Brazenhead three stand out as particularly significant: (1) That he was seventh child of a seventh child, born in the seventh month; (2) that he was Count of Picpus in Savoy; and (3) that for two cocks of the eye he would have the life of every man in the room with a bootjack. The first and third of these propositions they could not, for obvious reasons, dispute; but the second contained highly contentious matter, and would certainly have been doubted had there been time. It was not until the prisoner's torrent had ceased to flow and the Consuls had bowed themselves out and collected their wits at the foot of the stairs that they remembered the only thing they had found opportunity to say in departing, which was that he should hear further from them. And their difficulties were to decide whether he should hear from them, whether he would, and whether, if he should or would, he would have anything left to reply. These grave questions were still in debate when events took the very surprising turn which it is now my duty to relate.

Captain Brazenhead, after sleeping off the fatigues of so much language, observed and was delighted to observe from his window the next morning that the pigeons were about to harvest their amorous husbandry; that, in other words, they were about to become parents. A nest was in making, simple in construction, but of entire efficacy. The hen bird, with head nestled into crop, and no feet to be seen, couched fluffily within a coign of the masonry; by her side her mate stood erect, a straw in his beak. The nest was thus symbolised, and all was well; but whether two eggs were laid instead of one and he was stimulated to new efforts, or whether he dropped the straw and had to seek another, I know not. The facts are that he presently flew down, was absent for some little time, and that when he returned he bore in his beak the stalk and, upheld by that, the drooping head of a clove carnation. Captain Brazenhead, in his narrow cell, gave a great cry, and then stood very still, while his heart beat like the hopper of a mill, and a tear

furrowed each war-worn cheek and fertilised the roots of each moustachio. 'Lo now, I know that my star rides clear of clouds, high in heaven. Venus, goddess of the heart, I thank thee! Netted Mars, receive the praises of thy doting imp!' He sat with folded arms upon his bed, awaiting his release; and the gaoler's daughter might ogle him till midnight in vain.

It is to be believed that the Captain, meditating profoundly upon Destiny, never shifted his posture all night; the fact is that he was found bolt upright upon his bed when the gaoler's daughter came into his cell at six o'clock in the morning with a jug of sour wine and a crust of stale bread. His mouse, which had been taught punctuality at meals, was upon the forefinger of his left hand, in a posture indicative of suspense and supplication. Suspense was also indicated by the Captain's posture, but not supplication by any means.

'A fair day to you, sir,' said the damsel.

'You make all days fair, lady;' he replied, 'yet I tell you that this day is the fairest that ever I saw.' She looked very wise.

'You little know what's astir in our town, that's very plain,' said she, 'or you would not prophesy at random. Fair indeed! The tale runs that you are to be burned to-day as a scandalous liver; and however I trusted myself in your company, after hearing such a character to you, I shall never understand. Why, you might take advantage of me at any moment—and no doubt but you will if I do not fortify myself with all my virtue.'

Captain Brazenhead listened to this provocative speech with attention; but most of his attention seemed directed to his mouse.

'You mustn't tell me,' he said presently, 'that omens are nothing, because I know better. I remember very well dreaming once upon a time that a man walked down a green meadow with a flaming brand in his hand, and wherever he dropped fire snakes followed after him. "This is the day! This is the day! This is the day!" he called out, thus, three times; and I awoke and went about my business; and that day Jack Pounce drove me in the guts with the handle of a broom, and I slew him—or as good as slew him. So now you may see, my dear.'

The gaoler's daughter looked serious. 'Alas!' she said, 'I see that I am nothing to you, sir.'

'That's my belief,' said Captain Brazenhead, feeding his mouse with breadcrumbs.

Nothing occurred to justify the prisoner's confidence until

a quarter before eleven in the forenoon of that day ; but then he was justified. Steps resounded up the stairs, the steps of many, steel-shod ; his door was struck three times. ' This is the day,' said Captain Brazenhead in a shocked whisper ; and then, clearing his throat, he cried them in. Bolts, locks, and bars creaked his release. Two Consuls, a herald, and a stranger in steel stood in the entry. The Consuls bowed, the herald stepped forward.

' Count of Picpus——' he opened ; Captain Brazenhead stood up and folded his arms over an inflated chest.

' He is before you.'

' From the puissant and excellent lord the Viscount of Turenne—these letters,' said the herald, and handed out a sealed writ.

Now Captain Brazenhead could not read, had never been able to master that branch of science. He waved his hand twice before his face.

' Let me hear your letters,' he said, re-folded his arms and frowned upon the herald, who read :

' Count of Picpus,—I direct you, by the faith and allegiance which you owe to me as a vassal, to repair instantly to the domain of Les-Baux in the County of Provence, there to resume possession in my name and title of the castle and good town, denying all access thereto to the Lady Sanchia Des-Baux, until such time as I shall appear before it and demand an account of you. And for so doing let this be your sufficient warrant, as witness my hand.

LE VICOMTE DE TURENNE.'

This ended, folded, and put into Captain Brazenhead's hands, the two Consuls bowed to him and to each other ; and Captain Brazenhead said, ' It is well. I am ready. Lead on.'

He knew the Viscount of Turenne excellently by reputation, as all Aquitaine knew him too well. *Flail of Provence* he was called, and relished the title. A greater man than the King of Aragon, as good a man as the King of France, south of the Loire, and not much inferior to the Duke of Burgundy himself, he was yet a simple land pirate, but the most famous ever known in Gaul. Captain Brazenhead had not suspected his finger to be in the sauce when Pym revealed what he chose ; there was no doubt that a different tinge was cast over the Bishop's affair by the fact ; and there was no doubt that Captain Brazenhead, expanding in the full sun at the door of his prison, felt himself uplifted. ' And where,' said he to the obsequious herald, ' is my good friend the



Viscount to be found? Where are his knees, between which these two hands have so often been folded? Where is his ringed right hand, which these lips have so properly kissed that in the old days he was more than once suspected of a chilblain?’

It was explained to him that the Viscount was by no means in these parts, but believed to be at Macon, where he had a castle and held his court. Details had been left to his lordship of Picpus, who would find a sufficient force in the garrison, and an escort in this city of Toulouse. Captain Brazenhead rubbed his chin.

‘More than escort is needful to a man of my quality, herald—much more than escort. Overpowered by some fifty villains of this place, I was robbed, ravished, undone. For three weeks I have lived upon rye bread and stale water. I require to dine, to be clothed, armed, sworded, harnessed, accoutred, put in fettle, taught my value in the world. You will find me an apt pupil, quick, retentive, avid of learning. Begin then, begin. I require good money, and much of it.’

The herald was chapfallen. ‘Alas, dear sir, that is the one article which is lacking in the equipment I am able to offer to your lordship. Money! Ah, that is a branch of learning somewhat neglected in our county. We are paid, or pay ourselves, in kind. We call it levying a contribution——’

‘It matters not what you call it, one snap of the fingers,’ said Captain Brazenhead. ‘The point is whether you get what you levy.’

‘Sir, we mostly do,’ said the herald, ‘though our company is called the *Tard-venus*.’

‘Late-come is often best served,’ said the Captain. ‘Prove me your words. Levy me a larded capon stuffed with black beans in half an hour from now. Levy me a quart of red wine, a manchet of bread and some garlic, and I shall believe you.’

‘You shall be gratified, my lord,’ said the herald. ‘At The Pheasant in half an hour.’

‘I shall be there,’ said the Count of Picpus, spreading himself in the sun.

He levied the services of a barber, and needed them, for his beard was prodigious. In the barber’s shop he found a young gallant with a sword three sizes too big for him, and with the aid of a razor or two he levied that. The young man made a great outcry, and was for summoning the town guard, so there was nothing for it but to levy the young man. Captain Brazenhead

bound him to the service of the Flail of Provence by the promise of a duchy and a pension, and the threat of instant chastisement upon a sensitive part, and that in the Place Saint-Symphorien at ten o'clock in the morning, if he refused. An oath was delivered and received, which, as it is rather blasphemous, though terrible, I omit.

Then Captain Brazenhead dined at The Pheasant so sumptuously and well that he made one of the greatest levies of his life. I mean when he appeared before the Consuls of Toulouse in full conclave and levied ten thousand crowns as indemnity for the affront put upon the person of the Viscount of Turenne's old ally Barthélemy de Picpus, Count of Picpus in Dauphiné. He did this single-handed, save for the assistance of his herald, who had been instructed to blow three blasts on his trumpet whenever he saw his master pause for a word. The long sword levied from the young man in the barber's shop was of great assistance ; it looked at its best naked ; but the greatest ally he had was his profound experience of men. Upon this he drew, or, rather, built until he himself was astonished at the edifice he reared, and steadied himself with a 'Gently does it—go not too far, Brazenhead, my ancient.' The caution was timely. To pluck the Emperor of the East by the beard, to kiss his daughter under an apple-tree, to humiliate profoundly his eldest son, these are pleasant and creditable facts ; but when it comes to excommunicating the Pope in his own basilica, or twisting the Duke of Burgundy round your finger, or cutting the Consuls of Toulouse in pieces in each other's presence, difficulties arise which can only be solved one way : that is, by performing the prodigies you boast of.

But, after all, the money is the great thing ; and Captain Brazenhead got that, had it brought in, in leather sacks, from the treasury, counted in his presence and bestowed at his headquarters, before the sun went down upon his wrath. With some of the ransom he gave a great feast to the civic authorities, with other some he made the fountains of the city run white wine and red, and lighted a bonfire in the Field of Arms. He bought a banner with his blazon, he repaired his wardrobe and provided a horse ; and then upon a certain day in June he set forth for his affair at the head of an escort of five-and-thirty scoundrels, all young, all greedy, and all liars.

*(To be concluded.)*

*BOYS AND BIRDS.*

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

WE of the present generation, no longer rising but already risen, who are dwellers in the country and lovers of all country things, hardly realise how much the generation now uprising has lost by the legislation tending to curb its natural inhumanity. For how much did it count in our own joy of life as a boy that we could go down the garden hedgerows, ramble through all the unpreserved places of the woodland, explore every bush and every cranny in a wall, in the hope, not too far-fetched, that we might find therein some precious thing—the nest of some bird, more or less rare (in that delightful period of ingenuous youth when we could make belief that each nest that we found was a rarity, even though in the depths of our secret souls we knew that it was not), containing eggs of a kind that did not yet grace our collection ?

In the spring and early summertime did not these delights count for very much ? And now, of course, they are in many cases taken, by a grudging legislation, out of the category of boyhood's joys, and nothing has been given in their place. It is true that we may, if we please, observe birds at their domestic affairs still, still search for the rare nest, admire the beauty of the rare egg. But what is all that worth if we may not make the treasure our own ? The joy of possession appeals very strongly to a boy ; for as a rule his possessions are not yet many. He has them all to make. Besides this, there is the special delight that boyhood feels in a 'collection.' There is a quasi-scientific idea about it that makes it peculiarly precious, whether it be of butterflies, of eggs, of skins, or only of such poor lifeless things as fossils, or even postage stamps. When we were boys there was a singular gradation, in our estimation, of objects of value for the collection, corresponding exactly with the original vigour of life in the objects themselves. Thus, that which made the strongest appeal of all was the skin, stuffed or simply stretched and flattened, of a beast, a mammal. Next after this in glory came a bird, likewise stuffed or skinned. Then eggs, for they were potential bird life ; and very near in estimation to the eggs came the butterflies and moths

that had indeed for the moment more vigour of life than the bird's egg, but were less important in their vital potentialities—even as the bird is higher in the scale than the insects. We gave a passing attention to other insect life—to destroy it—such as the coleoptera and so on, and after that in our valuation came fossils. Fossils, as having once possessed a vitality, had far more importance in our eyes than mere mineralogical specimens that never had possessed the power of movement. Shells, such as we found by the seashore, attracted us little; for they were but the empty habitations. So too, it might be said, were the egg-shells; but their case was different, because we found them hidden from us by the cunning of the live parent bird, and, at the time that we found them, having the potential life within them. It was only by our own act, by the blowing, that these became empty habitations.

Why was it thus? Who shall explain it? Who that has studied human or inhuman nature as revealed by boy, whom Plato has called the most savage of all wild beasts, can arrive at the root of the matter? My own conviction is that the cause is closely associated with the hunting and the killing instinct that lies dormant in the heart of every human being, an instinct that is a survival from man in the hunter stage of his social development. Even as we can see much of what we, who now are so highly civilised, were at the first beginning of society, by the study of the savage races of our own time—so, too, we see in boyhood many of the instincts that we are apt to suppose have been eradicated in the course of many generations of comparative civilisation. But these problem guessings are beside the mark. Let us rather keep to the plain paths of fact.

However the race may have progressed, it would seem as if boyhood had made but slight advance along the way of civilisation since Plato estimated him more savage than other wild beasts. And yet, in those happy days of our own boyhood, before the law had virtually said to us 'Thou shalt not birds' nest,' we had a code of mercy, no less than a code of honour, of our own. Neither perhaps coincided with those of persons of the mature age that understands the ethics of boyhood so little; but they were fairly strict codes, and possibly as lofty as they had need to be in their ideals. That we always acted up to them would be to say that we were much more than human—which was not the case—but perhaps we achieved them more nearly than the grown man fulfils the maxims of his faith. Boyhood has a most devout belief in its

own creeds, such as few are able to keep in any creed in their years of fuller reason.

After all, the law had no cause to concern itself with us, who were loyal collectors and scientific persons, according to our conceptions of what science meant. To take all the eggs of a nest was against our code of mercy, and that is more than is to be said of the grown man collector. We made it a matter of pride to take a proportion of the eggs without causing the bird to desert, and this in itself was a useful working principle, for it implied a close knowledge of the habits and dispositions of birds in general and of the particular dispositions of different kinds. Thus we knew what birds were shy sitters and layers, easily to be frightened from their nests, and what others were more resolute. We could show  *finesse*  in dealing with their various degrees of timidity. And we grew to know what birds would continue to lay on, egg after egg (the eggs generally becoming lower in the scale of colour), as we took them away, and what others would not do this. So we gained an insight that we should not have won if our code had permitted a ruthless snatching of a whole nestful. Of course one has to speak of boyhood only as one has found it, or as one remembers it. There are many tribes of boy, even of British boy, and they live under different codes, so that it may well be that the maxims governing one tribe are quite different from those obeyed by another.

One of the things that our code of mercy or of honour forbade without reserve was the killing of a parent bird sitting on its nest. This was curious, for it cannot be that we were much touched by the sacredness of the maternal duties ; but we did no doubt have a feeling that any such act as the slaughter, or even the capture, of a parent bird while looking after its young or its eggs was an outrage on delicate and nice sentiments. It was taking an unfair advantage. It was not playing the game. Even when we did capture unawares, as often and inevitably happened, one of the birds that nest in holes—say a tit in the hole of a tree or a wheatear in a rabbit hole of the seaward sandhills—we contented ourselves with holding the panting frightened little wretch in a hot hand for a minute or two while we examined its beauty, then let it go to get over its terrors and in course of time to come gallantly back to its home duties. To be sure, if it had not begun to sit when it was thus temporarily captured, it was not likely to return at all—far more likely to ‘desert’ altogether—but if sitting had begun,

or still more if the young birds had hatched out, it took a good deal more than this to make most parents desert their progeny.

Neither did we regard it as being in the category of 'things that are done,' to kill the bird that we could capture. Young birds in a nest, it goes without saying, were sacred from us. Our consciences would have accused us of stark murder if we had done any of them to death. And in the same sanctity we held all such fledglings as had flown from the nest and yet were not winged with power enough to escape. If we could run or hunt the young bird down we would not kill it. It was always an unwritten maxim with us that the capture of any live thing was more to be desired, was a mark of higher merit in huntership, than mere brutal killing. On the general point, we regarded all birds, and indeed all animals other than domestic, as existing for the purpose that we should kill them, if we could not capture them. But to capture them was the higher aim, from every aspect. The young bird that we saw fluttering before us, therefore, in scarcely fledged flight, we would at first pursue with hats, with butterfly nets if we happened to have them, and so on; and if we should succeed in catching that bird, then the amount of love, of care, and of unwholesome food that we lavished on it when we had once got it caged was perfectly prodigious, and generally fatal. On the other hand, if we found the bird, although poorly fledged, too swift or too evasive for us, then all our purpose quickly changed. From instruments of capture, such as hats and nets, we went to instruments intended to be lethal, such as catapults, blowpipes, and stones; and failing to capture we would, if possible, kill. Often and often there has been a discussion of tactics, one saying 'I could shoot him now,' and holding the catapult at the 'Ready!' the other objecting 'No, no, I think we can catch him.' Then afterwards, if he should make good his escape, there would be much vituperation of the 'I told you so' kind, and general regret, as over a failure of strategy: 'Ah, we ought to have killed him.' That was perhaps the strangest part of our procedure, in which much was strange, that the murderous intent could follow so swiftly on the intent to cherish with all the care and love that we knew, and *vice versa*. It has its parallel in much that we do in later life, but, as in other instances, the latent savagery of civilised man appears here most clearly in the boy.

To what extent our present Wild Birds' Protection Act in its varied local application discourages the birds'-nesting tendency

innate in every boy, it would be hard to say, but certainly its discouragement is considerable. It is all part and parcel of a boy's savagery that although he has no national respect for the laws made by those of mature growth he has nevertheless a great fear of them, as of everything else that is unknown. He regards those laws as foolishness, but foolishness gifted with immeasurable power, and conceives them as meting out punishment not in any due proportion to the crime but according to absolute caprice, like his schoolmasters. One of the first lessons that a boy learns when he goes to school is that he need not expect justice to be his portion in the world. He may obtain mercy—in more than his due measure, or in less—but justice, no. That is a commodity for the copy-books or for the next world—not for this. So, in his fear of the great unknown power of the law, with which he is not so familiar as Bumble, he is much discouraged, doubtless, of his birds' nesting. And if the Wild Birds' Protection Act has done much in this direction, beyond question the compulsory attendance at Board school has done more; for it leaves but little time for birds' nesting, no matter how great be boyhood's zeal.

However, we are always to remember that the law, even at its strictest, is against the pillage, only, of birds' nests. There is no law against looking for birds' nests, or even finding them. It is still permitted to boyhood to be a student of bird life, to watch birds going about their domestic business, if that will suffice the boy. Whether it will suffice is rather doubtful. It is doubtful because the modern boy is often forbidden the keen delight of acquiring, of forming a collection, of showing to his friends and coevals an egg that they have not in their collection—with all the joy that comes of causing secret breaches of the commandment against covetousness. It is possible to encourage in boyhood an added interest in the mere observation of birds about their nests by the aid of a snapshot camera. A collection of photographs of the nests of birds, with the old ones on the nest or feeding the young if possible, may conceivably take the place of the egg collection. But it costs more, both in money and patience.

The present has been in some ways a peculiarly good spring for the observation of nesting birds, whether with or without the camera, for the reason that the weather has been cold enough to retard the growth of the leafage which hides the nests, but at the same time its severity has also delayed the nesting beyond the normal date. The foliage was late, later even than last



spring, and it appears as if its lateness is having some effect on the habits of certain species, the thrushes especially showing an increasing tendency to build in evergreens. The nests of most other kinds, which have been less clever in adapting themselves to the conditions, have been unusually visible. The immigrant birds are always late of arrival when the weather remains cold, for the very great majority are insect-eaters, and would find their larders badly furnished in a backward year.

Is the ordinary human boy human enough and methodical enough to take an interest in these dates of arrival? Will he be at the pains to record them? Is his record to be trusted when he is at the pains? The imagination of boyhood is so splendidly opulent that the record will not always carry conviction. Much must depend on the boy. But without the wish to deceive, he is so prone to a glorious self-deception that he is apt to see the rare hoopoe with his recording brains when the common or garden jay is the object presented to his optic retina. He lives much in a wonder-world of his own creation, expecting marvels so that he is bound to find them. That does not matter. It is not with what boy is going to teach us of the avine world that we need concern ourselves greatly; it is with what the avine world, and his observation of it, is to teach him. That is what matters. It is a sad affair if the operation of the Wild Birds' Protection Act is of necessity to rob boyhood of its inducement to the study of the birds and other wild things. The birds more particularly seem to have been created for his enchantment. Is he to be robbed of all this by the prohibition to take from their nests even the one egg or two that are needed as specimens in a collection? We may hope not. At all events, it is plainly impossible that the law can make such fine discriminations as to permit him this licence which inevitably would be abused. It must be a question of all or none, for the Legislature. But perhaps it is not too much to hope that boyhood, after all, may find some zest in the study of the birds and the beasts without the intent to do them injury. It is asking much of him. It is asking him to lay aside those lethal instincts inherited from the hunter phase of man's development, of which he is plainly the exponent in the present state of our social culture. But perhaps it is not asking an impossibility. In any case, we who are no longer boys can help boyhood along this path of harmless interest by ourselves taking or at least assuming an interest in those studies. Boyhood does not reck much of the opinions

of maturity, but it likes a friendly interest. It is to be said at the same time that it has the very keenest eye for estimating the genuine or the fictitious character of such interest. It behoves us therefore to be careful.

After all, it may be asked, is there any advantage to boyhood in these studies? To what, precisely, do they lead? To say that they lead directly to the earning of an income is beside the mark. It would be untrue, in nine cases out of ten, to say it. But they lead to the development of the mind and the attention; they lead to the formation of a habit of observation that is always of value whether for the earning of an income or for other less sordid purposes; they lead, by strange barbaric bypaths, it may be, to a love of all God's creatures, and so, it is not too much to think, to a love of the God who made them all; they lay the foundation, at a time when the mind is plastic and receptive, of an appreciation of Nature that will be of unflinching interest through all the years of life.

To say this is to say much, and if we can help boyhood towards it, we are helping him to good things. All the 'Nature studies' and so forth that are included in the curriculum of many modern schools are helpful. For one book on natural history and country subjects sold fifteen years ago, the dealers in such commodities tell us that they sell ten to-day. This is a sign of the times and a good sign, and there are many others; but, after all, we have to remember that since that too-long-ago period when we ourselves were boys there has been taken away from boyhood that inducement to add a new bird-skin to his collection, which made the strongest appeal to the primitive instincts which possessed us at that time. Boyhood has lost very much—we have to go back and revive the memories of a distant past to realise how much—and we have to do a very great deal for boyhood if we are to make good that loss in any measure worth considering.

## THE GROWTH OF A MILITARY SPIRIT IN CHINA.

The authority of the dynasty is maintained by its sacrosanct associations, by a highly organised and interested official hierarchy, and by the prestige of Peking. But were the capital occupied by an enemy, as it could be with very little difficulty . . . the Emperor expelled, and the dynasty overturned, it is doubtful whether China would persevere in any protracted resistance, or initiate a policy of revenge.—LORD CURZON. *Problems of the Far East.*

WHEN the history of the twentieth century comes to be written, not the least striking international occurrence will be the story of the Russo-Japanese war.

It is a mere truism to say that the history of Asia began to change from the time when the treaty of peace was signed at Portsmouth, U.S.A., but to what extent this change may affect Asiatics in general is not the purpose of this article. So far as it may be possible, the object in view is to note the effect upon the Chinese, though in tracing the part which China is likely to play in the re-shaping of the East the influence of surrounding nations cannot be ignored.

To anyone interested in the present condition of that unique people, whether politically, commercially, socially, or from the military point of view, it is a matter for much consideration what form the regeneration of her vast millions is likely to take. At the outset it may be asked, what reason is there to suppose that any such movement is in progress? And though Europe is apt to accept as a fact that there is, the question is no easy one to answer.

During the last five years, few who have followed events will wish to deny that there have been signs of an upheaval in China, that here and there the old crust has been broken, and that underneath, at the present time, considerable disturbance is going on. But this is not sufficient for those who have any acquaintance with Chinese customs and habits of thought. To such, the further question at once presents itself, from what source do these internal rumblings spring? Are they the mere formless emotions of miserable and for the most part hopeless millions, ground down

by the tyranny of a ruling class who should know better? Are they again the first signs of action at the hands of a beneficent and sympathetic ruler eager to let in light upon the evils under which the millions alluded to suffer? Or do these mysterious workings represent an intention upon the part of a united and moderate middle class to attain the standard of freedom they are beginning to observe in surrounding nations?

Such are some of the questions which must be answered and from some such hypotheses must we endeavour to find a starting-point, before a true assumption of what is taking place can be formulated.

Now, in dealing with problems connected with China, it is customary for most writers to indulge more or less in generalities, the reason being, that it is never safe to particularise upon matters affecting the conduct of this inscrutable race. While admitting the justice of this plea, and while fully aware of the futility of attempting to lay down hard and fast lines of conduct, it is useless to pretend to discuss the trend of public spirit in any people, even in the Chinese, if we may not assume a probable course of action. It is only by thus postulating some such course that we can place ourselves in a position to judge of the chances of a new spirit arising in China. It is my intention to assume the possibility of a wave of militarism and to attempt to lay before readers of the CORNHILL reasons for and against such a change coming to pass. History has its lessons which he who runs may read and which may not be neglected. It has, too, the sometimes awkward but always interesting way of repeating itself.

In suggesting three possible causes of the subterranean movement now going on in China, the writer has endeavoured to indicate those which on the face of them have a reasonable chance of being true ones. Let us endeavour to ascertain which of the three is likely to be the most direct cause.

It is a not uncommon error among Europeans to think of the masses in China as ground down by their rulers, and as forced to pass their time in a miserable struggle for existence. And such a description bears just this stamp of truth, that if we persist in regarding things Chinese from the Western point of view, the over-taxation and oppression by the officials might be so described. So also might the existence of people who to the extent of many millions live daily on the verge of starvation. But if the millions of whom we thus think have never known anything better? If, for centuries,

custom has sanctioned the one abuse and withdrawn all terrors from the other, are we justified in using such language, even though to Western ideas it states what are facts? From time immemorial official life in the East has been guided by certain assumed canons. That these unwritten laws are as well understood by those ruled as by the rulers is also a fact. So long as the latter are content to comply with acknowledged custom all is well. Illegal oppression, one-sided justice, the buying of cases, are the rule, not the exception, hence are accepted as necessities of existence in China. But, let a ruler, more voracious or less wise than his fellows attempt to go one step further than custom allows, and retribution swiftly follows. From the district magistrate of a small Hsien, who raises a local riot in which he may lose his life, to the 'Son of Heaven' who has to face a Tae-ping rebellion which may cost him a throne, no authority is safe from the people, and those wielding it are aware of the fact. In the hands of the masses the remedy lies, so they are content—up to a point.

When we come to examine the second of the suggested causes of the present unrest in China, we are faced at once by a difficulty which could only exist in that country of anomalies. All the world is aware that Kuang-hsu is merely a puppet in the hands of the dowager Empress. Whether the millions who gather on occasions to offer worship to his tablet in their temples are equally well informed, cannot be so definitely stated. It is sufficient for present purposes if we accept the situation and ask ourselves whether the feelings of that illustrious lady towards the Emperor's subjects indicate either sympathy or beneficence. I think if there is one point upon which students of later-day affairs in China agree, it would probably be in answer to this question. She has been tried in the balance and found wanting.

There remains then the last of the suggested causes, and though perhaps incorrect in form, as any definite statement of cause in China is almost bound to be, it may be allowed to indicate with sufficient accuracy the general trend of feeling which at present stirs the masses of that country. If it be thought that this latter statement contains the germs of truth, we are then brought face to face with the inquiry what form the aspirations are likely to take. In themselves worthy of the sympathy of all who are happy in the possession of an ideal, it is unfortunate that such aspirations cannot be regarded solely from this high standard. If straws serve to show the direction of the wind, it is no less true

that recent events in China point in a direction from whence a storm may again arise. With every wish to avoid the imputation of being an alarmist, it is useless to ignore facts when, moreover, as at the present time, these are most pertinent to the question under discussion. If there is one feeling more than another which can be said to permeate the responsible classes—that is, those who lead and who are able to shape what answers to public opinion in Europe—it is that the foreigner is responsible for the present unhappy state of their country. It is not necessary to say that this falsehood so widely disseminated is believed by those who are responsible for it. It is also beside the question. That the ruling classes can make use of such a statement when necessary, that it awakens at least some echo in the hearts of many millions of ignorant people, is sufficient for their purpose. And the danger lies in the fact that under sinister influence it may be made use of to turn aside natural and commendable aspirations from a legitimate to an illegitimate end.

Let us suppose that the danger which an attempt has here been made to foresee, should gather force. It may be asked, how will it affect the actions of the moderate party whose fortunes we are endeavouring to follow? It has been remarked at the commencement of this article that the history of Asia began to change on the day when the Japanese granted peace to a defeated white race. It is not to be expected perhaps that the full significance of such a unique occurrence should dwell over long in the thoughts of Europeans. To the West, which hardly allows its children time to think, that historical moment was merely an episode. But such was not the point of view of the East. To the slow-thinking Oriental that episode was first a wonderful revelation only half credited, now the most cherished article of his future belief. What effect then will the digestion of such a belief be likely to have upon an intensely proud Asiatic race? Allowing that under evil direction the cry of 'China for the Chinese' is not considered sufficiently stirring, but that it is thought necessary to couple with it the insane 'out with the foreigners,' has not the time arrived to leave generalities, and to discuss actual possibilities?

If it be granted that there is ever so slight a chance of the present unrest taking some such form as is here indicated, the first steps towards carrying out such a policy must be the creation of some armed force as a weapon to be used.

Since the close of the Russo-Japanese war various and conflicting reports have appeared in Europe as to the striking advance made by the Chinese in the reorganisation of their army upon modern lines. Without wishing to reflect in any way on the authors of these reports, it may be said that they are not in every case in a position to judge.

To attend manœuvres, and to follow for a few days the fortunes of a large but picked body of men, does not necessarily furnish even a military critic with the data required to pronounce an opinion upon the condition of the armed forces of a nation. When, moreover, the forces under review are Chinese troops, and when the initial incapacity of all Europeans to gauge the true significance of what they merely see in China is allowed for, it follows that we must go very much deeper than the results of a few annual manœuvres if we wish to ascertain the reality of a new military spirit in that country. Let us begin by consulting their own earliest and most treasured teachers, one of them the man whose doctrines above all others permeate Chinese thought.

A disciple of Confucius inquired on one occasion what was essential in the government of a country; Confucius answered 'There must be sufficient food for the people, an efficient army, and confidence of the people in their rulers.'

'But,' asked the disciple then, 'if we were compelled to dispense with one of those three things, which one of them should go first?'

'Dispense with the army,' replied Confucius.

'But still,' the disciple went on to ask, 'if one were compelled to dispense with one of these two things remaining, which one of them should go first?'

'Dispense with the food,' replied Confucius, 'for from of old, men have died; but without the confidence of the people in their rulers there can be no government.'

The above opinion was given by this great sage and teacher some five hundred years before the commencement of our era, and may be considered the guiding principle to the subsequent action of the nation he taught, throughout the centuries that have passed away. Neither time nor space are here available to discuss the ethics involved in this pronouncement. It is enough to remind ourselves that no other human being ever lived whose words have had such lasting influence in the thoughts if not on the conduct of mankind.

Let us now turn to the early history of Chinese military affairs,



and, if we can, learn something of the spirit of the past, warlike or otherwise.

Before the commencement of the Christian era, Chinese power extended over what is now known as Eastern Turkestan. That eminent Orientalist, the late Sir Henry Yule, has also summed up the general acquaintance of Roman historians such as Pliny and Ptolemy, with the China of their knowledge in the following words: 'The region of the Seres is a vast populous country, touching on the East the ocean and the limits of the habitable world, and extending West nearly to Imaus and the confines of Bactria. The people are civilised men of mild, just, and frugal temper, eschewing collision with their neighbours and even shy of close intercourse, but not averse to disposing of their own products. . . .'

Though these words express the opinions of men who wrote not far short of 2,000 years ago, it would be difficult to outline with greater nicety the Chinese character to-day. Even at this early stage in their history, these people seemed to have developed that extraordinary propensity for paradox which ever since has marked them. To be known as anxious to eschew collision with their neighbours, yet to extend their military power over the larger portion of what is now Asia, are two things which seem hardly compatible. In the fifth century A.D. it is known that the Chinese imposed their power upon the King of Ceylon. In the seventh, they invaded India, and, after harrying Behar, carried away the king of that country a prisoner to China. Not only Behar but other portions of India paid tribute to the great Emperor Tai-tsung of the Tang dynasty. The kings, of what at that period were known as the five Indies, owed him fealty, while his dominions extended in one direction to the Caspian and in another his power was acknowledged south of the Hindu Kush.

In the eighth century, Chinese forces are said to have occupied Ladak, though about the same period it was only by a most favourable reception of Arab envoys that China in all probability saved herself from a Mohammedan invasion. Already Bokhara, Samarcand, and Kashgar had fallen before the fierce onslaught of these religious fanatics, and either the face of nature, in the shape of the Gobi desert, or the reception of the emissaries above alluded to, saved China from the fate of the rest of Asia.

It was in the tenth century that the name of Kitai or Cathay, as it is now generally known, came to the Chinese through the conquest of their country by the Khitans, an alien people who

overran northern China. As has subsequently occurred to other and later conquerors, the Khitans were eventually peacefully assimilated by the people they had defeated in war.

It would be unnecessary to mention the Mongol conquest of China by Chingiz Khan, but for the food for reflection afforded by the fact that it was an Emperor of China who pushed his conquests as far West as Hungary. That emperor was Okkodai, the son of Chingiz.

One century later, perhaps the greatest ruler China ever had appeared in Kublai Khan. As a land empire, the territories which acknowledged his sway will bear comparison even with that of Rome. His immediate kingdom, we are told, embraced China, Korea, Mongolia, Manchuria, and Tibet, with claims over Tongking and Burmah. His Viceroys ruled in Chinese Turkestan, Trans-Oxania, and Afghanistan. The empire of the northern Tartars, covering a large part of Russia, the country north of the Caucasus, and Siberia, was held in fief from him. And, as if this were not enough, the southern portion of his vast dominions included Persia, which then embraced Georgia, Armenia, and part of Asia Minor.

After the enumeration of such wide conquests it may be of interest to make mention of at least one failure met with by the arms of Kublai Khan. On the Eastern flank of his unwieldy land-empire lay some small islands, and upon their conquest Kublai set his heart. Zipangu or Jih-pên-kuei, 'the home of the rising sun,' the modern Japan, was then, as now, peopled by a race whose love of their island home would brook no invasion. Interesting as a detailed account would be, it must here suffice to say that the first expedition sent by Kublai Khan shared the fate of that commanded by Admiral Rojdestvenski, which latter, history as usual repeating itself, was destroyed almost on the same spot as the former, while the second, a larger and more comprehensive undertaking, was in every respect the precursor of our own Spanish Armada. Leaving out the failure to invade Japan, it is indeed hard to reconcile with such conquests the idea of a peace-loving nation averse to arms. Yet writers in the fifteenth century who knew the country, continue to describe a high standard of civilisation and politeness as the leading characteristics of the Chinese.

Another and amusing tribute to the orderliness and uprightness of the ancient administration is given by Yule, who repeats a saying of the Jesuit historian Jarric. Dilating on the subject the latter

remarked 'that if Plato were to rise from Hades he would declare that his imaginary republic was realised in China.'

In 1405 the Cinghalese insulted a Chinese Mission, so the reigning Emperor Ching-tsu despatched a naval and military expedition through what are known to-day as the 'Straits,' including in their itinerary Siam. It is perhaps unnecessary to describe further the military exploits of pre-European days.

From the time when, early in the sixteenth century, the Portuguese adventurers were the first to land there, Chinese military organisation must be viewed from a different standpoint. Hitherto it has been unnecessary to do more than enumerate the varying fortunes which attended the employment of their armies, as such expeditions, however vast the scale may have been, represent more the employment and success of mere numbers than any attempt at organisation or even cohesion. The first occasion upon which Chinese troops were called upon to meet foreign invaders was towards the middle of the seventeenth century. By that date Russian expansion in northern Asia had reached the Pacific. During the descent of the Amur, Russian and Chinese troops had come into conflict and a short but indecisive series of fights ended in the treaty of Nerchinsk. Before the advance of Russia had reached the far East, Chinese arms had once again been vanquished by an alien people. By the year 1644 the Manchus had established themselves, and the first Emperor of the Ta-tsing dynasty ruled at Peking. Under Kien-lung, the third of the Ta-tsing dynasty, who, it has been said, raised the empire to its highest pitch of greatness, Chinese arms were once more in the ascendant. Not only was the Emperor successful in Central Asia, where a strong policy was somewhat mercilessly enforced, but he also once again sent troops to invade a part of India. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, the Ghoorkhas of Nepaul had overrun southern Tibet. Meeting with little resistance from a feeble Chinese force sent to occupy the country, the Ghoorkhas were at first successful. When, however, the Chinese authorities realised the seriousness of the situation, strong measures were at once taken. Reinforcing the defeated troops, the Chinese in their turn drove back the Ghoorkhas, upon whom they inflicted more than one blow. When the latter retired upon their own mountain border, not content with their success the Chinese followed, and the unique experience of an engagement fought near the Ghoorkha capital of Khatmandu ended in the defeat of its defenders.

It is such determined military efforts as the one described above which renders so difficult the task of estimating the reality of the Chinese military spirit. Though it is unnecessary to dwell upon the value of such an expedition as a military exploit, it may not be out of place to suggest in praise of its very inception a glance at the map of Asia.

To set against the successes obtained in Tibet, we must now turn to a neighbouring country further south. About the same time as the Ghoorkha conquests, Chinese armies were despatched to Burmah. Though successful in penetrating into the heart of that country, the Chinese troops were heavily defeated by the Burmese. From the commencement of the nineteenth century intercourse with foreign nations began seriously to be felt. At the time when the century was half gone the Tae-ping rebellion had shaken the foundations of the empire. That it did not finally effect the fall of the Manchu dynasty is no honour to the military spirit of their race. That the Chinese furnish as fine material for soldiers as any Asiatic race is the opinion of most Europeans qualified to judge. From this opinion General Gordon, who saved the Manchu dynasty, never varied.

With the Tae-ping rebellion came the wars between England, France, and China; later on, the war with France alone in Tongking. In Central Asia Chinese military prestige flamed up temporarily owing to the suppression of the Yakub Beg rising, but received another shock owing to the all but successful efforts of Chinese Mohammedans to release themselves from a suzerainty they despise. In the present day we are able to follow the fortunes of their arms from a personal point of view.

The China-Japan war with its overwhelming disgrace to the former, taught her no military lesson. The so-called rising in 1900 taught European diplomacy something, but China less. It has not been the aim of this paper to do more than indicate the possible chance of the revival of a military spirit in China. Whether I am justified in using the word revival I will leave to readers to determine. The conquests of the past point to some such spirit having once been extant, but that it remains or can be re-introduced is not the opinion of the writer.

Before closing this review of the existence or non-existence of any military spirit in the nation it may be of interest if some personal experience is added. During the last eight years, in conjunction with other British officers and non-commissioned officers, I have

helped to create, and for the last six years have commanded, the Chinese Regiment which has lately ceased to form part of his Majesty's forces. Constant daily intercourse with the class from which Chinese future armies will be drawn; hourly instruction of these men in every possible form of the art of modern war may perhaps be allowed to count as sufficient reason for venturing to offer an opinion upon the point we are endeavouring to elucidate. Not only is such opinion the result of observation drawn from training in time of peace, but it was strengthened by the actual experience of leading these men in war during the rising of 1900.

The opinion formed by General Gordon of the value of the Chinese troops he and other white men led was confirmed again and again during our eight years' experience. Without analysing the various accounts which General Gordon has left on record, it may be taken for granted that the following is a true summary of his opinion. Led and trained by Europeans the Chinese would be second to no native troops in the world, perhaps it may be added, in these more highly nervous modern days, to no troops in the world. But trained and led successfully by Chinese officers they will not be, at any rate within a period of time which practical politics need take heed of.

To enumerate the good points of the material which the nation could produce, it is merely necessary to reiterate a list of military virtues required to form an ideal soldier. Have we not the authority of the greatest master of war the world has ever known for the following description?

'The first quality of a soldier is fortitude in enduring fatigues and hardship; bravery but the second. Poverty, hardship, and misery are the school of the good soldier.' Few Asiatics and no Europeans more closely fulfil these requirements than do the Chinese.

And now for the reverse of the shield.

A late head of the General Staff in France has thus described the part that the staff of an army must play in the present day. Substituting China for France, his words are given *in extenso*.

Though the art of war may still hold in reserve for some future Turenne, Condé, or Napoleon, those sudden inspirations of war-like genius—those lightning flashes that suddenly light up the tangled hosts and strike the foe at the very point needed to decide the fight—yet, there is in the case of actual warfare a task to be done of a totally different kind. I am referring to the preparation for war, the preparatory work of bringing into the field those huge

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forces that a nation will one day be called upon to set in motion. I am referring to that patient, earnest ceaseless work that devolves upon the staff of an army. . . .

Picture to yourselves then the stupendous armament of a whole nation; the sudden suspension of all public and private life, the transformation of 'China' into one great drill-ground; the vast masses of men who must be clothed, equipped, and armed in a few days, aye, in a few hours. Picture them speeding along by every railway to the confined spot where in one fearful encounter will be decided the freedom, nay, the very existence of a country.

All these human waves will appear to roll onward pell-mell, but at the given place and exact minute all will be found in order, each unit in its place, face to face with the foe, and ready for the struggle. And what a struggle!

You do not imagine that when once those immense masses have been got together they can be moved, or supplied, or fed, or that they can take the field unless all the problems have been thought out and studied, and, so to speak, solved beforehand.

In these words is most vividly depicted the embodiment of a national military spirit, prepared to sacrifice everything in defence of its country's honour. That such a spirit at present exists or can be called into being in China, I am unable to believe.

CLARENCE DALRYMPLE BRUCE.

## *THE RISE OF INSURANCE.*

THE subject of insurance has lately been prominently before the public eye. The astonishing scandals revealed by investigation into the affairs of some of the great American companies set many tongues wagging on both sides of the Atlantic, and before this hubbub had died out came the San Francisco earthquake, with its consequent conflagration, involving British and American companies in losses so tremendous that the average observer, ignorant of the great resources of the insurance world, held his breath and waited for their downfall, and then marvelled in amazement at the equanimity with which the blow was faced.

Big figures strike the imagination like a row of sledge-hammers, and the fact that the American companies have been able to suffer all the tricks that were played with their resources without seriously endangering their solvency, while many of the great British companies will be able to meet their San Francisco claims without even reducing the dividends paid to their shareholders, has called public attention to the existence of an industry strong enough to resist the onset of highly cultivated human knavery and of a natural cataclysm on a scale that has not been witnessed for centuries. And public attention, which has been accustomed to take insurance, and insurance affairs, as a matter of course, like the weather or a rise in rates, has begun to wonder how and when insurance began, and by what steps it has marched to its present condition of unparalleled financial strength.

The beginnings of the matter are shrouded in the mists of prehistoric obscurity, but there is no doubt that the oldest form of insurance is the one which is still the most romantic and interesting, at least in the eyes of a seafaring race of islanders—namely, the marine. The mere mention of marine insurance inevitably carries with it associations of lee shores, breakers ahead, trade winds, roaring forties, Plate fleets, pirates, doubloons, and all the stage properties of the maritime romancer. The title of a marine insurance company, written up in big letters across its office window in the City, is as good as a breath of sea breeze to the jaded clerk who is hurrying to the bank to ‘pay in.’ And



Lloyd's, with its marvellous network of organisation and maritime knowledge, helps to remind those who work on the monetary and financial side of British commerce, of the tramp steamers panting over the blue water, without which British commerce would be an impossibility, and the British Isles would be an insignificant and uncomfortable spot in the ocean, with an ill-fed population, dependent on the vagaries of their climate for its nourishment.

The earliest form of marine insurance was an operation known as 'bottomry,' traces of which are said to have been found in the 'Institutes of Menu,' a Hindu code, believed to date from the ninth century B.C. It was, undoubtedly, well known to the Greeks and Romans, and is believed to have been practised regularly by the Phœnicians. To put the matter briefly and shorn of technical abstrusities, bottomry was a loan on the security of a ship and its cargo, the essence of which was that the lender had no claim for repayment or interest unless ship and cargo came safely to port. It will be seen at once that the step from bottomry to marine insurance as now practised is a very short and obvious one. In the case of bottomry, Jones, who is equipping an argosy for a voyage, borrows £1,000 from Smith, and pays him £1,100—the extra £100 representing premium and interest—when his 'wealthy *Andrew*,' instead of being

dock'd in sand,  
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,

as Salarino pictures her in 'The Merchant of Venice,' has safely delivered her cargo; but if the good ship *Andrew* is lost, Smith and his fellow-adventurers—for bottomry, like modern underwriting, was generally carried out by groups or syndicates—had to put up with the loss of their £1,000.

In the case of modern insurance Jones does not receive the £1,000 before the voyage, or at all, as long as the voyage is successful. He pays his £100 purely as an insurance premium, and Smith, with his allied group of underwriters, pays over £1,000 only in the event of wealthy *Andrew's* being 'dock'd in sand.'

Bottomry was thus insurance *plus* a previous loan, which was doubtless used in the equipment of the ship and purchase of the cargo. As commerce and finance tended to specialise, the two operations naturally became divided, and it is likely that they would have done so at a much earlier date than they did, and that marine insurance in its simple modern form would have emerged

much sooner, had it not been that the institution of bottomry was found useful in the Middle Ages for evading the mistaken laws against usury, which, to the great detriment of commercial progress, arose out of a misinterpretation of Christian doctrine and blind respect for a passage in Aristotle—one of the few in which the father of philosophy and of economic science indulged in the luxury of making a mistake.

Bottomry, however, may, as we have seen, clearly be claimed to contain the germs of marine insurance, and in this form marine insurance was well known to the Greeks and Romans. The precise terms of a contract are given in a speech of Demosthenes; and Martin's 'History of Lloyd's,' which quotes it at length, places a modern example by the side of it, showing a remarkable resemblance, and demonstrating once more the close connection between Greek civilisation and our own.

The Romans, of course, were a race of land-lubbers. It is recorded of Cato the Elder, the characteristic Roman of the original type, that among three things in his life that he regretted one was having travelled by sea when he might have gone by land. This attitude of mind accounts for much of the lack of adaptability which shivered the Roman constitution under the weight of a growth of empire to which it was unable to fit itself. But Rome took over bottomry from the Greeks and Phœnicians, and we find it mentioned, under the title of 'Fœnus Nauticum,' in an edict of Justinian.

Apart from marine, it is difficult to trace any form of insurance among the ancient civilisations. The 'Dictionary of Political Economy' mentions two, of which one is hardly insurance and the other is an isolated example, shining like a 'good deed in a naughty world,' and only illuminating darkness. It appears that 'the idea of an institution for the insurance of slaves first occurred to Antigènes of Rhodes (in the time of Alexander the Great, 356–323 B.C.), who undertook, for a yearly contribution of eight drachmas for each slave that was in the army, to make good his price as estimated by the owner at the time of his elopement.' Here we have the germ of a scheme for insurance against loss by 'elopement' of slaves, and it would be interesting to know how the enterprising Antigènes fared in his venture. It is to be feared that, owing to the touching confidence with which he left the value of the lost property to be assessed by the insured, claims would very soon have exhausted his funds and left him face to face with

a heavy deficit on his 'elopement' account. The other alleged example is 'a contract, noticed by Livy, made after the battle of Cannæ, for the supply of stores to the Roman Government, the contractors stipulating that the State should bear all losses which might arise from the enemies' attacks or from storms.' But this is no more insurance than a 'strike clause' in a modern contract for the delivery of any kind of commercial product, by which manufacturers protect themselves from delay caused by industrial disputes.

When the collapse of Græco-Roman civilisation before the onset of barbarian hordes reduced Europe to a welter of war and savagery, trade naturally retired into the background, and insurance, its handmaid and nurse, joined the ranks of the unemployed. Blotted out for a time, she emerged, in new shapes and with fresh vigour, as commerce gradually struggled back into life, and men began to discover that other occupations, besides that of cutting one another's throats, were worthy of their attention. In this new dawn we again find marine insurance predominant over other forms, doubtless because the risk of shipwreck is more terrible and obvious than any other, especially in those days of imperfect navigation in boats which were as cockleshells when compared with the ships of to-day. Even in Adam Smith's day the marine risk was regarded as by far the most formidable, and guarded against most carefully. 'Taking the whole kingdom at an average,' he writes, 'nineteen houses in twenty, or rather, perhaps, ninety-nine in a hundred, are not insured from fire. Sea risk is far more alarming to the greater part of people, and the proportion of ships insured to those not insured is much greater.' Much more was this the case when commerce was first shaking off the fetters of feudalism.

Accordingly, we find marine insurance brought to a high pitch of development by the merchants of the Hanseatic League, that extraordinary commercial confederacy whose power was so vast that it carried on war with kings, and habitually disregarded the authority of the Holy Roman Emperor, to whom it owed ostensible allegiance. Its origin and history are obscured by the fact that it was, among other things, a secret society, and never made known a complete list of the towns which were included in its membership; it exercised despotic authority in its own sphere, and yet no trace can be discovered of anything like a visible head or committee that directed its operations. But we do know that it

monopolised the commerce of the countries round the Baltic, while a western branch carried on an important trade with England, having a specially privileged *dépôt* in London. It is difficult to exaggerate the services rendered to British trade by the merchants of the Steelyard, or the Easterlings (Eastern men), as these Teutonic traders were called, and the latter name has impressed itself indelibly, and very significantly, on our language in the word 'sterling.'

It appears, as far as can be gleaned from the scanty records surviving, that in the early days of the League its most notable centre was at Wisby, a town, now sunk in obscurity, on the island of Gothland, in the Baltic. The Laws of Wisby were a code of maritime regulations drawn up for the use of the League, and in these laws, according to Walford's '*Cyclopædia of Insurance*,' 'mention is made of the practice of the owners of ships insuring the lives of the masters against the perils of the sea.' This is a very interesting reference, as it appears to be the first authentic mention of the insurance of human life. Doubtless the master was really only included as an essential part of the ship and cargo, just as Sir Anthony Absolute expected his son to take over the heiress with the rest of the live stock on the estate; but still there is the fact, for what it is worth, that the Hanseatic merchants underwrote not only ship and cargo, but the life of the skipper.

Wisby lost its supremacy as the centre of the League after being attacked and plundered—according to the pleasant methods of the good old days—in time of peace by Waldemar III. of Denmark. The Hanse merchants revenged themselves by sacking Copenhagen, among other measures of reprisal; but Wisby never recovered its old position, and the chief seat of the League's power appears to have been transferred to Lübeck. Bruges, however, was also one of its leading marts, and Martin's '*History of Lloyd's*' tells us that in the middle of the thirteenth century as many as 150 vessels often arrived by one tide in the port of Sluys, the outer harbour of Bruges. The same writer also states, on the authority of an old historical document called the '*Chronyk van Vlaendern*,' that at the beginning of the same century a chamber of insurance was established at Bruges, and, in spite of doubts that have been cast on the truth of this interesting assertion, he clings to his opinion that this chamber of insurance actually existed, and was, in fact, a 'sort of early Lloyd's.'

In the meantime, insurance, marine and other, had been rapidly

developed in Italy, that fruitful nursery of commercial enterprise, which gave birth to banking, scientific accountancy, and modern gold coinage by the minting of the gold florin of Florence in 1252. Just as the Italian origin of banking is printed on the Bank of England note, by the use of the abbreviation 'Comp<sup>a</sup>' for 'company,' so Italy's connection with insurance is emphasised every time that we use the word 'policy,' which is taken from the Italian 'polizza,' a promise, contract, or receipt.

A decree of the Grand Council of Venice, dated 1468, orders that all disputes concerning questions of marine insurance are to be brought before the Consular Mercantile Court. And another striking evidence of the extent to which insurance business had been developed in Venice is found in the fact that a turning off the Campo di San Giacomo was called Insurance Street. That trade between Venice and London was at that time active is demonstrated by the existence of a document in the Venetian archives, dated 1512, referring to insurances effected in London on ships and goods despatched from Candia, then a Venetian possession, to England. A premium of 10 per cent. appears to have covered the risk. This document seems to be the first authentic record of insurance business actually done in London, and, from its nature and origin, it favours the generally received theory that marine insurance was introduced here by the Hanse merchants and developed by the Lombards.

But it is high time to leave the subject of marine business, with its breezy associations of piping shrouds and storm-beaten lee shores, and see how other forms of insurance have been progressing. Curiously enough the evidences of their growth are chiefly provided by enactments which endeavour to forbid or restrain them. It is probable enough that the speculative spirit of the Italian financiers, which made them more fertile in invention than tenacious in development, led them readily into many abuses which grow on to insurance, like barnacles on a ship's bottom, as soon as the line is passed which divides its legitimate functions from mere wagering and gambling. And at the same time it was an incurable habit of most rulers in most countries in mediæval days to try to regulate trade and business for its good and theirs, with the result that, more often than not, they choked it with the best possible intentions, and suppressed it as effectively as the she elephant which, out of pure kindness of heart and misplaced maternal instinct, sat on the motherless brood of new-hatched chickens.

At any rate, we find insurances of all kinds forbidden, with much pomp and circumstance, and from this fact alone we can infer that they had become a common enough feature to call for legislative condemnation. Walford's 'Cyclopædia of Insurance' quotes a civil statute of Genoa, dated 1588, which shows the great variety which had already been developed in the insurance policies taken out. The statute enacts that

securities, bonds, or wagers may not be made without the licence of the Senate upon the life of the Pope, nor upon the life of the Emperor, nor upon the life of kings, cardinals, dukes, princes, bishops, nor upon the life of other lords or persons in constituted dignities, ecclesiastical or secular. Neither may they be made upon the acquisition, loss or charge of lordships, governments, kingdoms, provinces, duchies, cities, lands, or places . . . nor upon any other transaction having the species or form of a bond, security, or wager; but all are understood and are forbidden.

In 1610 a new statute repeated all the prohibitions enumerated above, and proceeded to forbid any form of assurance, security, or wager, on

the successful or unfortunate issue of enterprises of an army or fleet, or upon their arrival or departure, or upon the taking or defence of any place. They shall neither be made upon certain marriages, whether they will be concluded or not, nor upon the delivery of women, or the arrival or departure of ships, &c. They shall not be made upon the plague's or war's being impending or not; nor upon the election of the Doge, or the Senator of the republic, nor upon anything else which may have the appearance of a deposit, assurance, or wager.

It is curious to note that all these events on which insurances were thus prohibited would, or might, come within the scope of legitimate insurance, according to modern theory. It is an important principle of scientifically developed insurance that contracts are only recognised by law in which the insured is protecting himself against risk of loss, or, in other words, when the insured has an insurable interest in the matter which he secures by his policy. For instance, anyone who has lent 1,000*l.* to a friend stands to lose by his death before the repayment of the loan, and if he took out a policy on his life, this would be a valid insurance in the eye of the law; but if he insured him without having lent money to him, or having any other kind of pecuniary interest in him, the policy would be a mere wager on his life, and so unenforceable at law. The Genoese law-makers do not seem to have grasped the importance of this principle, for all their prohibitions apply to matters which might, in those days,



easily mean pecuniary loss to the insurer. The lives of popes, emperors, and other potentates were highly important from a mercantile point of view in those times, when a vacant throne was often a cause of war or civil commotion. And changes of lordship and of governments necessarily implied political, and often commercial, unrest and dislocation. As to the issue of enterprises of armies and fleets, they were pregnant with commercial possibilities then as they are now, and marriages and the safe arrival of expected infants had much practical importance in times when the security of a dynasty might mean the difference between peace and war.

The statute of Genoa thus ignored the fact that the insurances which it forbade were, or might be, genuine measures of protection against commercial loss, and struck blindly at them all, doubtless with the result of encouraging bad business, by means of prohibiting good.

The wide scope of the prohibitions, however, shows how far insurance against a great variety of risks had already been developed in Italy. But it is interesting to note that there is as yet no trace of life insurance as we now understand it; for measures of protection taken by merchants against possible loss of trade due to the death of a ruler are quite different from the thrifty habit of paying annual premiums in order to provide for one's widow or one's declining years.

Life insurance is decidedly obscure in the matter of its origin, but it appears to have begun by short-term policies taken out for a year or so. The 'Dictionary of Political Economy' has unearthed an example dating from June 15, 1583, which was the case of a policy for £383 6s. 8d. on the life of one William Gybbons, for one year, the premium being 8 per cent. The age of the insured is not recorded, but 'the policy was underwritten by thirteen private individuals, after the manner of marine insurance at Lloyd's at the present day.'

The same authority shows us that life insurance on a regular, if unscientific, footing preceded the introduction of fire insurance by only a few years. It appears that

about the year 1650 societies for the assurance of lives began to be formed. The principle on which they were first worked was that each surviving member had to pay a fixed contribution in respect of each death; so that the amount receivable by the representatives of a deceased member varied according to the numbers in the society at the time of his death, and the contributions of the members



varied according to the number of deaths which occurred in any particular year. No attempt was made to graduate the contributions of members according to their respective ages.

The system seems, in the light of modern experience, wholly preposterous, since it leaves out of sight the obvious fact that a man of fifty is more likely to die soon, and so is clearly a more dangerous liability to the society than a youth of twenty. It is not to be wondered at that most of the societies so formed had short existences, but it is very remarkable that one of them, the Amicable Society, which only modified the system slightly, survived more than a century before it laid hold of the principle that an old life should pay higher premiums than a young one, because its chance of dying soon is clearly greater.

Such, however, is the fact. The Amicable charged each member an annual premium of £6 4s., besides certain dues, and divided

among the representatives of the members who might happen to die in any particular year the amount received in premiums in that year to the extent of £5 per contributing member, so that in a year in which there happened to be few deaths the share in respect of each death would be large, and, in the event of many deaths, small. At first [not only was there no variation of premiums according to the age of the members, but] no limit of age was imposed; but soon it was found that an influx of an undue proportion of old lives would reduce the death money inconveniently, and in 1707 the regulation was passed that members on admission must be between twelve and forty-five years of age. For a century this rule remained in force, and it was not until 1807 that a table of premiums was adopted, graduated strictly according to age.

This venerable and vivacious company was afterwards absorbed by the Hand-in-Hand, which has itself recently been merged with the Commercial Union.

In 1762 real life insurance began on sound principles, with the birth of the old Equitable, which flourishes to this day, one of the strongest insurance societies to be found in the world, if one of its members may be allowed to say so. It introduced graduation of premiums according to the age of the insured, using the London bills of mortality as a basis.

We said that the first clumsy attempts at life societies began about 1650. Sixteen years later—it is one of the few easy dates to remember—came the Great Fire of London in 1666, out of the ashes of which rose fire insurance. It seems curious that no earlier trace can be found of this, now most popular and widely spread, form of insurance, but so it is. It is believed that it existed earlier on the Continent, but authentic evidence is lacking. Schemes had also

been suggested a few years previously in England, but it was left to the Great Fire to make the matter a burning question, which had to be solved at once—just as conflagrations are even now the best advertisement that the fire companies can have.

The first fire office was opened, on the lines of individual underwriting, by one Barbon, or Barebones, in 1667. He was son of that sturdy Roundhead Praise-God Barebones, and was also distinguished by being christened 'If-Christ-hadn't-died-for-you-you'd-have-been-damned,' and so being commonly called—merely for the sake of brevity, let us hope—Damned Barebones. Joint-stock enterprise first turned its attention to fire business in 1680, when, as Mr. F. Harcourt Kitchin tells us in his 'Principles and Finance of Fire Insurance,' the 'Fire Office' was founded, known as the 'Insurance Office at the back side of the Royal Exchange'; and in 1696 the old Hand-in-Hand was born, which still may be said to exist, though merged in the Commercial Union.

It is a curious fact, and one which exemplifies the strongly individualistic methods of British administration, that in early days it was supposed to be the business of the fire companies not only to insure people against fire, but to put fires out when they occurred. Accordingly, every fire company had its engine, and there was keen rivalry between them as to which should be first on the spot. This system continued until 1866, and so strongly was the public mind imbued with the theory that the fire companies were responsible for the extinction of fires, that when the Fire Brigade was at last formed the companies agreed to contribute to its expenses, according to the extent of their business.

The same system appears to have obtained in the United States, and a characteristic story is told by Dr. Andrew Wynter in an article on fire insurance in a work called 'Curiosities of Civilization.' He relates that the competition between the engines of the various companies was so keen in Boston, that on one occasion two of them stopped on the way to a fire and argued the matter with revolver shots, while the doomed house blazed merrily. American friends, to whom I have told the story, classify it with a simple Saxon monosyllable, but it is good enough to be true, and it would have made an admirable subject for a poem by Bret Harte.

In the second half of the eighteenth century, however, the companies' efforts were reinforced by an army of parochial engines,

provided by a series of Acts passed between 1768 and 1774. They were managed by beadles and parish engineers, and still survived in 1855, when the lively Dr. Wynter describes them as

very inefficient, not having any persons appointed to work them who possess a competent knowledge of the service. Even women, he tells us, used now and then to fill the arduous post of director; and it is not long since a certain Mrs. Smith, a widow, might be seen at conflagrations, hurrying about in her pattens, directing the firemen of her engine, which belonged to the united parishes of St. Michael Royal and St. Martin Vintry in the City.

Thus does Mrs. Smith join hands with Sappho, Pentheseilea, and our mother Eve as another example of that oldest of all phenomena, the new woman. And she was a highly efficient firewoman—Dr. Wynter questions ‘if at the present moment any of the parish engines are much better officered than in the days of Widow Smith.’

Another picturesque fact about the early days of fire extinction was the working of the engine pumps by volunteers from the crowd, for 1s. for the first hour, 6d. after, and ‘refreshments.’ Volunteers were always plentiful, and it was sometimes suspected that thirsty souls set houses ablaze with the express object of earning a few shillings and their beer. In France, on the other hand, still according to our chatty friend, Dr. Wynter, the law empowered the firemen to seize bystanders and make them work for no reward but the consciousness of merit. Consequently, when a fire broke out the street immediately became empty, to the delight of the patriotic Doctor, who lauds the superiority of the English method. He also tells a story of an unfortunate Briton who, ignorant of the system, was enjoying the spectacle of a roaring blaze at Bordeaux, and was at once seized, and in spite of indignant remonstrances—one can imagine him sputtering bad French and threatening to write to the *Times*—compelled to roll wine casks out of danger from the fire for seven hours on end.

We have now traced the dim beginnings of the three leading forms of insurance, and in the case of fire and life brought their story down to the beginning of development by joint-stock companies, from which point it goes on, with steadily increasing success in result and dulness in detail, until it arrives at its present-day point of achieved triumph, with which we shall deal briefly later on. In the case of marine insurance, however, we left the chronicle at the point where it had been introduced into England by the Hanseatic merchants of the Steelyard and developed by the Lombards. Its later career was complicated and made interesting by

the development of the curious and in many ways anomalous body commonly called Lloyd's.

Marine insurance was generally too big a bargain to be handled by one individual, and from the earliest days it was the custom for a group to be formed, usually of merchants or shipowners, who divided amongst themselves the risk of underwriting a ship and cargo, that is, receiving a payment, or premium, beforehand, and promising in return to pay the owner the value ventured, in case of loss. That this was the system developed here by the Easterlings and Lombards is stated definitely in an Act of Elizabeth, passed in 1601, immediately after the expulsion of the Easterlings. The preamble of the Act recites that

whereas it has bene tyme out of mynde an usage amongst Merchantes, both of this realme and of foraine nacyons, when they make any great adventure (speciallie into remote partes) to give consideracion of money to other persons (which commonlie are in no small number) to have from them assurance made of their goodes, merchandizes, ships and things adventured . . . which course of dealinge is commonlie termed a policie of assurance,

and so on.

One of these syndicates of underwriters, in a 'foraine nacyon,' is believed to have been the probable author of a remarkable code of maritime insurance called the 'Guidon de la Mer,' published at Rouen some time between 1590 and 1600. This work refers at length to insurance against capture by pirates, a marine risk which is happily almost extinct.

As the process of specialisation in commerce proceeded, the business of underwriting detached itself, and instead of being a form of mutual protection agreed on among merchants and shipowners, got into the hands of experts who devoted themselves to it exclusively. They naturally, in the course of their business, frequented the coffee-houses where shipowners were most to be found; for at the end of the seventeenth and during the eighteenth century it was the custom for most of the business that implied a common meeting-place of traffickers to be done in the coffee-houses, which were a remarkable feature of the social, political, and commercial life of the period. Everyone knows Addison's delightful essay on 'Coffee-house Politicians,' which describes a tour round the principal coffee-houses of the town, 'about three months ago, when we had a current report of the King of France's death.' At the St. James's he 'heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for, in less than a quarter of an hour.'

At Jenny Man's young military blades were talking war—'Well, Jack, the old prig is dead at last. Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris directly.' Just like our modern jingoes. At Will's men of letters were regretting Boileau, Racine, and Corneille, who 'would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of so great a prince.' In Fish Street, the chief politician of the quarter, ' (after having taken a pipe of tobacco, and ruminating for some time), "If," says he, "the King of France is certainly dead, we shall have plenty of mackerel this season; our fishery will not be disturbed by privateers, as it has been this ten years past." He afterwards considered how the death of this great man would affect our pilchards, and by several other remarks infused a general joy into his whole audience.' In another coffee-house a person expressed great grief, not 'from the loss of the monarch, but for his having sold out of the Bank about three days before he heard the news of it.' Finally, 'there came in a gentleman from Garraway's, who told us that there were several letters from France just come in, with advice that the King was in good health, and was gone out a-hunting.'

If the observant Spectator had gone into a coffee-house founded by one Edward Lloyd, he would have found the underwriters and shippers there assembled talking of possible war risks. Lloyd's coffee-house was first mentioned in 1688; its first home was in Tower Street, where it was much used by shipmasters and sailors, and so became the centre of the underwriting business. About 1691 it moved westward to Abchurch Lane, and in Exchange Alley, near at hand, it had as neighbours other noted houses—Garraway's, Jonathan's, Barker's, Elmes's, chiefly, as Strype relates, 'frequented by brokers, stockjobbers, Frenchmen, Jews, as well as other merchants and gentlemen.'

Lloyd, the founder of the house, was also a pioneer in the field of newspaper proprietorship, and in order to attract the custom of shipowners, arranged a system of marine intelligence, which contained the germs of the splendid organisation which has been built up by Lloyd's. And owing to one of the most remarkable curiosities in the history of nomenclature, his name, from being that of the founder of a coffee-house frequented by mariners and shipowners, is now for ever associated with the great corporation which has brought marine insurance to its present perfection of development. Not only so, but it is incorporated in the names of steamship companies all over the world—

witness the Norddeutscher-Lloyd, and, still further afield, the Lloyd-Brasileiro.

But though Lloyd's is chiefly connected in the public mind with marine insurance, it is prepared to take all kinds of risks, from the chances of a General Election or fine weather for a flower show to protection against twins. Mr. Harcourt Kitchin, in his work referred to above, states that the net premium income of Lloyd's exceeds £7,000,000 per annum, and that its fire premium income is little short of £1,000,000 per annum. Lloyd's fire policies are distinguished by an excellent brevity and simplicity, so much so that it is worth while to reproduce one here, taken from the same authority :

#### LLOYD'S FIRE POLICY.

**In the Name of God.**      Amen.      Whereas

*John Smith*

#### FIRE POLICY.

£	paid	<i>Premium or</i>
	<i>Consideration to Us, who have hereunto sub-</i>	
	<i>scribed our Names to Insure from Loss or</i>	
	<i>Damage by Fire.</i>	

*No.....*

**Now know** Ye, That we the Insurers do hereby bind ourselves, each for his own Part and not One for Another, our Heirs, Executors, and Administrators, to pay the said John Smith, his

Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, all such  
Damage and Loss by Fire, not exceeding the sum of

within Thirty Days after such Loss is proved and that in proportion to the several Sums by each of Us subscribed against our respective Names.

No claim to attach to this Policy for Insurrection, Riots, Civil Commotion or Military or Usurped Power.

**IN WITNESS** whereof We have subscribed our Names and sums of Money by Us Insured.

Dated in London, the      Day of  
One Thousand Nine Hundred

The romance of Lloyd's would fill a volume, and has been told many times before. Those who wish to explore it further may be referred to Martin's 'History of Lloyd's,' quoted above. But as an instance of the easy-going manner in which gigantic business transactions are done by its members, it is worth while to tell a true story of an underwriter who, in the days before telegraphy, received mail advice by a Royal Mail steamer that £1,200,000 in specie had been sent to London on board of her, at his risk. He had an arrangement—of a usual kind—with the shippers by which he took all their risks, and of course, as a rule, had previous notice, and distributed his liability with other underwriters; but on this occasion the advice and the bullion arrived together. As it was, all was well. But if the ship had gone to the bottom in water too deep for salvage operations—

Joint-stock companies came into marine business in 1720, when, at the time of the South Sea excitement, the London and Royal Exchange Corporations obtained a charter with a monopoly, as companies, of marine business. The monopoly was abrogated in 1824, when the Alliance Company was formed. Since then marine insurance companies have multiplied vigorously.

And now having traced the principal forms of insurance down to their modern stage, let us see what the business has achieved and how it stands to-day.

Bourne's 'Insurance Directory' shows that, according to the annual Blue-book issued in 1905, the ordinary British Life Offices held funds amounting to £277,500,000. They earned in the year covered £24,000,000 in premiums and £10,000,000 in interest; and they paid out £16,750,000 in claims, £1,600,000 in surrenders, £2,000,000 in annuities, £3,250,000 in commissions and expenses, and £500,000 in dividends to shareholders; and added £10,000,000 to their funds by the year's operations. Their total insurances in force amounted to £686,250,000, the number of policies being 2,234,565. The 'industrial' offices, which cater for the working man, in the same year received £10,500,000 in premiums, paid £4,000,000 in claims and £500,000 in dividends to shareholders, and added £2,000,000 to their funds. They had no less than 23,810,937 policies outstanding, insuring £234,250,000.

The same authority shows that the fire companies in the same year received £22,500,000 in premiums, and paid £13,500,000 in claims and £7,750,000 in expenses and commissions, leaving



a net surplus of £1,250,000. They also received £1,500,000 in interest on investments, and paid £2,000,000 in dividends.

The figures of the marine companies are more difficult to arrive at, owing to the different methods with which the various companies present them. But it may be stated as a rough estimate that the aggregate premium income in 1904 was about £4,400,000, and that the claims paid and allowed for amounted to over £3,000,000.

To these figures we have to add, besides the £7,000,000 of premiums attributed by Mr. Kitchin to Lloyd's, those of the minor branches of insurance, including employers' liability, sickness and accident, fidelity, profits and income, and all the endless ramifications of the business as now developed. The same authority estimates the total annual income from insurance premiums in the British Isles at 70 millions, half of which is derived from life and accident business, and half from insurances on property.

It is a marvellous exhibition, even when crudely stated as above, and if space permitted a closer analysis of their position, we should see that nothing in the world can parallel the financial strength and success of the British insurance companies. This strength and success have been won chiefly because the nature of the business, and the risks involved by it, made careful finance and clean balance sheets imperative. It was early recognised by both parties to the contract, that in matters of insurance the first, second, third, and last consideration was security. Hence with comparatively small called-up capitals the companies have built up enormous reserves, and, as we have seen above, the relation between dividends paid and profits earned is on a scale of moderation which is the surest method of ensuring financial strength.

The sight of the big profits earned may tempt anyone who contemplates these figures to wonder whether he could not do better by saving his contributions to them—insuring his own life, house, health, &c., by putting away every year what he would pay in premiums and letting the amount accumulate at compound interest. The system might possibly pay him in the long run if—and it is a large if—he lived to a ripe old age, enjoyed good health and freedom from accident, and never had a fire in his house; and if, at the same time, he had strength of mind enough to keep to this regular saving. Even then it is doubtful, for he would very probably make mistakes in investing, from which the companies are saved by their wealth of accumulated experience and the power that they derive, of investing to advantage, from the vast sums that

they handle. But if he happened to die within two years of starting his system, instead of £1,000 for his widow or heir there would be an accumulation of perhaps £50.

The basis of insurance is the fact that it is a system of mutual protection, by which the risks of the unfortunate, any one of which would swamp the average individual, are provided for with ease and profit by associations which meet them out of the contributions of the fortunate and the use of their money at compound interest. And yet the fortunate—those who make no claims and live out the average span of life—do not lose. Their money is returned to their heirs at death, or to themselves, at a certain date, if they prefer what is called an endowment policy, with interest over and above. All that can in their case be urged against the operation is, that if they had saved equally regularly on their own account and had invested with unusual judiciousness and success, they might have earned rather higher interest. On the other side of the account is the fact that all through their lives, or until the date of the maturity of the endowment policy, they have had the satisfaction of knowing that if anything happened, immediate payment would be made to those whom they left behind.

Moreover, throughout the currency of the policy they have had the pleasure of deducting the premiums paid from the amount of their income when assessing it for income-tax purposes. And in these days of peace, retrenchment and a shilling income tax, this is a consideration that weighs heavily.

HARTLEY WITHERS.

THE ROMANCE OF A BOOKSELLER.

FAME had most unexpectedly, and at the ninth or tenth hour, found out Mr. R., the little bookseller. His Clorinda was the talk of the town. From the homely little Queen down to Miss in the country parsonage, everything of sensibility was weeping over Clorinda. The beaux had left off making wagers about the fashionable beauties and their prospective marriages, with matters less delicate, for speculation as to whether Clorinda, in the next instalment of the delicious story, would or would not subjugate Sir Bellamour. The tears that were shed over the imaginary heroine were enough to cause a flood in the river if they had been all diverted one way.

Carriages stood all day at the narrow entrance to Essex Court, where the Great Man was to be seen, not yet so great as to be above selling a second-hand book over the counter. Through the cob-webbed panes of the window and the low-browed door Beauty and Fashion peeped to catch a sight of the little ruddy-cheeked man in the shabby wig and dusty snuff-brown coat who had set them all to weeping. Some of the boldest even invaded the little dark shop, although it was an adventure for the ladies to enter the door with their hooped petticoats. There they would bring their essences, and the brightness of their eyes, and the rustling of their stiff silks and many-coloured furbelows, as fine as goddesses in a pink cloud painted by Mr. Cipriani on a ceiling.

They would languish and ogle and smile on the little snuff-brown man, and pay him such compliments as have seldom fallen to the lot of genius. It was quite true that the town had taken Clorinda seriously. When it seemed that her idyll was about to end sadly, a score fine ladies took to their beds with bottles of hysterical water and Miss-in-her-Teens, and wept into their pillows, to the destruction of their eyes and complexions.

No one could blame the little man for becoming a bit *entêté*, as our French neighbours say. Indeed it said much for the strength of his head that he kept it so well, for it was not only the fine ladies and gentlemen who were belauding him, but also the men of genius and of affairs. Garrick took off his hat to him; Sir Joshua came

to the little bookshop and discussed the next instalment of the story, holding his ear-trumpet seriously for the answers ; Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, who, Mr. R. had the wit to see, was a bigger man than he both in heart and mind, paid him simple heartfelt compliments ; it was even said that Dr. Johnson had expressed an interest in the fate of Clorinda, still characteristically describing her as a hussy. Statesmen and soldiers were falling over each other in order to obtain the latest chapter of Clorinda and her fortunes. It was perhaps to Mr. R.'s credit that, all things considered, he kept his head so well.

He would still make the journey between Essex Court and his country cottage at Hammersmith, a somewhat dangerous journey for anyone who might be suspected to be worth robbing, for the Hammersmith Road was infested by footpads, who let the author of Clorinda pass by, a tribute as much to their own qualities of head and heart as to the writer of the famous romance : he could still make the journey with that irresistible if unfelt attraction which draws us all home.

He was yet quite satisfied that his two handsome blowsy daughters were the finest wenches in Christendom. He had not yet discovered that the colour in their mother's cheeks had run, that she had grown ungainly in size and waddled in walking ; that her speech was homely cockney and her ideas confined to cooking and housekeeping. He was not dissatisfied with his daughters' lovers, a couple of smart young cits, the one a silk-draper in St. Paul's Churchyard, the other a goldsmith by Temple Bar. Still the sweetbriar hedge which bounded his demesne held the world that mattered for him. It was good on summer evenings and summer Sundays to sit in an arbour wreathed in woodbine, listening to the songs of the birds, the tinkle of the sheep-bells beyond the hedge, and the lowing of the milking cows in the fields towards Fulham. This was what really concerned him. The fine ladies were no nearer to him than the full-bosomed goddesses who leaned from the pink cloud on Mr. Cipriani's ceilings. He had no desire to visit Mr. Selwyn in Gloucestershire or my Lord March in Scotland. He was lonely if he went further from the city than Hammersmith, and although he might have been at home with the great folk he was afraid of their lackeys. No : on the whole he kept his head better than could have been expected, neither neglecting his business nor finding the plain atmosphere of his own home and surroundings uncongenial to him.

Until one day he opened a letter in his shop—one of those which reached him in such numbers that he often barely glanced at their contents, which were always couched in terms of the same fulsome adulation. But this; this was different. It was written on rose-coloured satin paper with a gilt edge, and as he opened it and stood holding it in his hand he could have sworn that the scent and colour of apple-blossom filled the shop. His orchard at Hammersmith was bowery with it at this moment. If the orchard could have been transplanted by a miracle into Essex Court, the illusion could not have been more complete. He stood with half-closed eyes, the rose-coloured sheet, with the little gold shell and the letter D in the top left-hand corner, seeming to suffuse his brain with rose-coloured visions. After a second or two he began to read, holding the delicious thing to the dim pane the better to see it.

Honoured Sir, it began: 'Tis an honest country lover that ventures to approach you, to intercede with you for the matchless Clorinda. Our parson—he is an honest man and of good family—brought it to us Friday se'nnight, that it was London talk that she should yield at last to the fascinating Bellamour and by him be cast aside when he had won her an hour. Sir, you would not break an honest country heart by making it so. Sir, you will not so wrong the sweet thing you have created, and the Power that dwells on high to Protect Innocence, and the kindness which must lie in Bellamour's heart, by such a turn as this. Oh, sir, pause before you cast down in sorrow not only a multitude who hang upon the woes of Clorinda, but one heart which you have moved so that she thinks at times Clorinda is she and she Clorinda. She cannot sleep; she cannot eat; she cannot live till she knows that even at the last moment you have changed your design. Sir, the cause of Clorinda is the cause of virtue. If you cast her down Vice triumphs and Virtue falls. Waiting upon your will as one waits upon the will of Heaven,

Your humble admirer,

DULCINEA.

There was no reason why the letter should have moved him as it did. He had received epistles of the same sort, if few as artless. The others had not moved him, however highly placed were those who penned them. He had foreseen the end of Clorinda, the one inevitable, possible end. Was he going to alter it to please a country girl, even though the sweetness of apple-blossom was in her letter? He was certain he would do no such thing.

He wrote to Dulcinea a paternally kind letter, pointing out to her that art had its imperious demands no less than sentiment. That evening, as he jogged down to Hammersmith on his old pony, every breath of wind that blew the apple-orchards in his face seemed to bring him the presence of Dulcinea. For the first time

that evening he noticed that Bessie, his wife, was growing old, that the red had run in streaks on her cheeks, that her nose was as shapeless as her figure. For the first time he was perturbed at the good soul's manner of eating. Her voice fretted him. He noticed that her slippers were down at heel and that there was a rent in her sacque. His daughters disturbed him too with chatter which he perceived for the first time to be vulgar. Even the cottage, which had seemed a Paradise to him for long, vexed him in this new touchiness of his. There was a commonness about the little low rooms. His wife had spoilt them by having them decorated in blue and gold. Unconsciously, he was calling his belongings before the tribunal of Dulcinea and hearing them condemned.

After supper he retired in a mood of moroseness to the little orchard which was beyond sight and hearing of the house. He had no mind to hear his elder daughter play upon the spinet, an art she had acquired painfully, which had given him simple pleasure many an evening. For the first time he discovered that her fingers were clumsy and she put no soul in the music. His wife's voice followed him as he retired along the path by the beds of herbs to the orchard. 'La, girls,' it said; 'be not vexed with your father. Some of those fine languishing hussies of his have got their affairs all twisted, and he must straighten them out again.'

The speech irritated him. Somewhere at the back of his mind he perceived dimly that Clorinda was a hussy, although the fine folk had made him forget it for a while. Only that morning he had had a meeting with the man he detested of all others, Mr. F., the writer of fresh, breezy, virile books, who had had as yet no success to speak of.

'And how goes the baggage, Clorinda?' Mr. F. had asked him with a devil in his eye. 'My friend, what melting tenderness! what sensibility! I offer you my respectful homage!'

It had annoyed the bookseller extremely, although he had forgotten the annoyance since the receipt of the apple-blossom letter. Now it recurred to him. He leaned across the gate which led from the little orchard into the paddock, and the scent of the apple-blossoms was all about him. The little gnarled trees, each in a rosy gown, were bent to the earth under the weight of bloom. The stillness and the scents of the evening quieted his vexation. Dobbin, his old pony, came and thrust a long white nose into his hand for a caress. Absent-mindedly he smoothed the

kindly, fondling nose. The orchard in all its pink bloom seemed to him like an exquisite woman. The woman whose letter smelt of apple-bloom ; the orchard, in a pink gown like a lovely woman. They seemed somehow one and indivisible.

A letter from Dulcinea reached him as soon as it was possible to receive one. It was gentle ; it was resigned : to be sure she had been 'too owdacious' in pressing her thoughts and prayers upon the author of *Clorinda*. Since he willed *Clorinda's* story to end in gloom it must be best so, although for Dulcinea's part she must never cease to grieve for the fate of that matchless lady. The letter was so touching in its childlike gentleness that it brought tears to the eyes of *Clorinda's* maker. A couple of letters more from the charmer and he resolved to do what he had vowed not to do : that is to say, to make *Clorinda* happy in the possession of her *Bellamour*. After all, as the fair unknown had suggested, it would be the triumph of virtue over vice, with a coronet for *Virtue's* brows in the background. Whereas, if he had carried out his original intention, *Vice* would have triumphed and poor *Virtue* been sent packing out-of-doors to die in the cold.

He announced his capitulation to Dulcinea in a letter which still survives :

Beautiful and Incomparable Lady, he wrote : You remember the story of the man in the fable who, when the wind and the rain would fain have made him relinquish his cloak, but clung to it the tighter. But the gentle sun, warming him with its rays, did soon bring about what the others by violence had failed to accomplish. So the gentleness of your nature, suffusing mine, compels me to cast off my cloak of self-will and to do as you desire. I will make *Clorinda* happy for your sake. If you would make your servant happy in return will you not let him see a likeness of yourself, so that what he has long dreamt on in secret may possess for him something of a living reality ?

Dulcinea replied to him in a trembling rapture of gratitude. Henceforth she was without sorrow, since the exquisite *Clorinda* was to be blessed by the gaining of *Bellamour's* heart and hand. There was nothing she would not do in return for *Strephon*. They were Dulcinea and *Strephon* to each other by this time. But,—she had no picture of herself worthy to offer him. Perhaps when she came to town in the autumn she might sit for a miniature. Meanwhile would *Strephon* imagine a person of middle height, brown but not uncomely ? Brown eyes, brown hair, with an inclination to chestnut in both. Lips indifferent red, and white teeth. A form plump but not too much so. Hands plump, passable white, and dimpled at the knuckles. Small feet. A cheerful person withal and very



ready to laugh; somewhat kind, honest and true. And ever and ever devoted to the author of the adorable Clorinda.

As he returned the letter to the packet something fell from it, which, when he took it up, proved to be a curl of hair. It was of a bronze colour, only with more sunlight in its depths than anything not living could have. As he seized upon it with reverential tenderness it curled about his fingers lightly, and it was as though some delicate invisible thing had laid hold of him and would not let him go. He stooped and brushed it with his thin, precise lips. Then he put it away in a secret place.

That day, coming upon his enemy in St. James's, the latter saluted him with a mocking laugh which goaded the bookseller almost to madness. 'What!' he cried. 'Do you go cross-gartered like Malvolio? I shall read you all the signs of a lover.'

Mr. R. brushed past him, and left him standing on the pavement, a gallant figure of a man, to attract the eyes of the passers-by. Some sense of the contrast between him and Mr. F.—he, a pinched withered atomy of a man, the other with the air of a soldier, a man of adventures, of amours—made him shrink within himself as though he feared the daylight. And,—was it possible that the signs of his disorder were so evident in him that the mocking popinjay had read them plain? He knew himself by this time that he was in love, and with a shadow.

Presently his lady played with him as the cat with a mouse. He should see her, he should not see her. She would tell him all, she would tell him nothing. She was a maid, she was a wife, she was a widow. She was the victim of jealousy: she was misunderstood. At one time she sighed for a soul to understand her; at another she was demure and distant. She ceased to talk of Clorinda, she talked now of herself, with an egoism that never tired: yet she revealed nothing of her identity. As though she had guessed at wild impulses in his mind, she had forbidden him under pain of her everlasting displeasure to seek to know more of her than she chose to impart.

With one hope she kept him quiet—that in the autumn, when she proposed visiting the Town, he might see her. For the present he had to be content with the golden-chestnut lock of hair which he carried about his neck, and with the vision of her which floated to him from her letters as something exquisite, steeped in an atmosphere of apple-blossom.

For all his success he was still the little bookseller, and a moral man through and through. His infidelity of soul to his wife, who

had grown old with him, whom he remembered as comely as a hollyhock, irked him. He was not a man of fashion to sin easily. Thoughts had come into his mind at times which he had looked at before he had driven them out—thoughts of what might happen if by any means his Bessie, poor soul, were to die. This was when Dulcinea was in a melting mood, and wrote languishing letters to him making up for those in which she had been capricious and coy.

He did not sin lightly like a fine gentleman. When he was in the presence of the poor, kind, foolish, over-blown wife, his sense of guilt towards her made him sour and irritable. Her eyes were often red now. To catch sight of them was to have his dream of apple-blossom lose its magic for the time. It was easier with his daughters, who adored their mother, and so tossed their heads at him and were impertinent. They had nothing to do with it; they were mere accidental creatures. The trouble which fretted and made him unbearable when he was at Hammersmith was between him and their mother, the poor woman he had outgrown, with whom he had been well-content until that scent of apple-blossom had floated into his little drab-coloured life. That his daughters were minxes did not matter; perhaps in his heart he thought the more of them for it.

But to be out of sight of Bessie's red eyes, and the sighs which now and again she heaved cavernously, he absented himself as much as might be from the home which had been everything desirable to him before he had written of Clorinda and become the fashion.

He found it necessary to take a lodging in town, where he stayed week after week, unless when some of his fine friends carried him off to their splendid houses for a country visit.

Clorinda had now run her course; and he should be casting about him for an idea for a worthy successor to that immortal story. But he could think of nothing except the mysterious lady who had so turned his staid head; and of her promise that presently, if Strephon was patient, they should meet.

The time was now no further off than a few weeks, which went quickly. She would not yet give him word of how they should meet or when or where. While his poor Bessie, heaving sighs from the depths of her fat bosom, cried out to her comfortable daughters, 'Oh, girls, girls, I have lost your father!' he hid himself away in his dark lodgings in Clifford's Inn, leaving the shop to

take care of itself, denying himself to all who sought him, living only for those rose-coloured letters with the scent of apple-blossom which came to him at varying intervals.

Betwixt the trouble of his conscience and the strain of expectation he lost his cheerfulness of aspect, which once had made him not so unlike a robin. Mr. F. might now have read him the signs of a lover, for the once dapper little person was somewhat neglected; the snuff-coloured suit was dusty; his cravat awry; the powder of his wig many days old; his face bore unmistakable marks of suffering and strain.

If he had been about as usual he must have heard of Mr. F.'s book, over which the town was splitting its sides. But he kept to his lodgings, where he was served by an old woman. Once when he went out he saw his enemy approaching him with a more swaggering and triumphant air than ever.

There was no time to avoid a meeting, and he braced himself to bear it, though he had a thought of pity for himself that he was too sick a man to be a subject for Mr. F.'s flouts and gibes. But to his amazement Mr. F., who had come to meet him, swinging his clouded cane in too robust a fashion for Piccadilly, suddenly gave up his first intention of insolence.

'I am sorry to see you looking so indisposed, sir,' he said, and then he flushed, and with a shame-faced air extended his hand. The bookseller took it and held it an instant. His own was hot and trembling.

'I would see a physician,' Mr. F. said. 'You are not as robust as your admirers, among whom I count myself one, would wish to see you.'

He went back to Clifford's Inn with a weak and hesitating step. The room was in a dusty disorder, very different from the neatness and freshness of the Hammersmith cottage. He looked at himself in a glass. Mr. F.'s consideration, his evident pity, had frightened him. Supposing he were to fall ill! It was now Friday, and Sunday was the day appointed by Dulcinea for their meeting. On Sunday she would walk in the Park. Strephon also would be there. They would surely find out each other among the crowd. Was it likely their hearts would not tell them?

What he saw in the green, spotted glass frightened him. His face was as yellow as a guinea, and there was a three days' beard on his chin. There was a spot on each cheek, darkly red. His eyes had sunk in their sockets. He felt hot and cold by turns,

and the apprehension that he might be unable to appear in the Park made him feel sick and wretched.

'Oh, Dulcinea,' he sighed, 'your Strephon is exhausted. You have hidden yourself from him too long. He is worn out with waiting to behold you.'

At the same moment his poor Bessie was sobbing to her sympathetic, indignant Prue and Sophy for the hundredth time: 'Oh, girls, girls, I have lost your father!'

When Sunday came he could hardly drag himself from bed; but he got up, and made a careful toilet. He had a new suit, which, although sober, was very elegant. It consisted of a pearl-grey silk coat and waistcoat, with white small-clothes. Pearl-grey stockings, and shoes with red heels, completed his attire. His wig was fresh powdered, and he carried a cane. He used the latter for leaning on more than its strength warranted; and he wished she had chosen another place than the Park, where he recognised many fashionable acquaintances, some of whom, he was sure, lifted their eyebrows over his finery.

It was a September day, but there was an east wind blowing which pinched the leaves and the flowers and the faces of the women even under their rouge. He felt at first no sense of cold, although his new garments were somewhat thin against the east wind. He hardly noticed those who passed him by. He was not mobbed as he would have been a few months earlier. In fact, it might have seemed to an observant spectator that people rather avoided him, although they stood in groups and whispered and smiled when he had passed by.

It was not until he had been walking up and down quite a long time, staring in the face of every woman he met, that he became conscious of being tired and cold. He sat down on a chair; too absorbed in watching for a face to feel more than a passing wonder that his chair was not surrounded by flatterers as usual. Once he shrank a little within himself as he saw Mr. F. pass by. Why were the people staring at him and mobbing him? An obscure, insolent fellow like him! He shivered in the east wind, and again he burned. He was conscious that he must cut an odd appearance, staring in the faces of the women as he was doing, but he could not help it. Any woman might be Dulcinea. If he were to miss her! He turned cold and hot with the fear, cold and hot again. His eyes grew dazed. Faces were becoming alike to him. He could hardly distinguish one from another.

Three o'clock, and the Park was emptying. All the fashionable folk were going home to dinner. He stayed on till there was hardly anyone left but himself. At the last indeed his head swam, and he had no inclination to leave his chair. It was all over and she had not come. And he was very cold and very hot.

Someone bent over him and spoke to him sympathetically. Of all men it was Mr. F., his enemy.

'I have been observing you for some time, sir,' he said, 'and I fear you are indisposed. Let me take you to your lodgings. Pray do not say nay to me. It is an honour to be of the slightest service to so incomparable an author.'

There was not a hint of mockery in his voice. He slipped an arm about the little frame as though he had been Mr. R.'s son, and assisted him to arise. He drove with him to his lodgings, saw him into his bed, and brought a physician to the bedside. The physician, who knew neither man, was astonished how the gentleman who had fetched him kept himself in the background. The patient had a chill, he said, and was feverish in consequence. He was to live on barley-water, and to be kept warm. Doubtless he would be better in a day or two.

After a night of burning thirst and wretched tossing to and fro, Mr. R. awoke to the scent of apple-blossom. There was a letter by his bed, at which he snatched as eagerly as his strength would allow. It took him some time to decipher the thin spidery handwriting because of his throbbing head and aching eyes. At last he took in the full contents. She had been in the Park; she had seen him; had had him pointed out to her. How strange that he had not known her! It was as good as a play to see how he watched the women, while she stood at his elbow. She had seen Mr. Henry F., the famous author, there. The whole world was laughing over his 'William Ambrose.' She was dying for a new sensation, and she was going to read the book as soon as she could get a copy. She believed the printers' presses could not turn them out fast enough.

At this point Mr. R. put down the letter, and his eyes filled with tears of disappointment, because he had missed her. He lay with them closed, feeling the scent of her apple-blossom. Then he opened them and looked languidly about the room. A cold breakfast, unfit for a sick man, stood by his bed. The disorder of last night was in the room. The fire was still unlit, and the light came sadly through the cobwebbed and dusty windows.

He felt the wretchedness of it all, and he sighed, with a half

inclination towards the comfort and cleanliness of the Hammersmith cottage, amid its verdant woods and fields.

A little later and the doctor was by his bedside. There was a new respect in his manner. The famous Mr. F. had informed him of his illustrious patient. There was a hackney coach at the door, by Mr. F.'s orders, to convey Mr. R. to his home at Hammersmith. The doctor begged leave to accompany Mr. R. to his own house. Everything should be done for his comfort.

After all, it was like heaven to lie in the clean lavender-smelling sheets and look out at the yellow rose wreathing the window, and the fresh country sky; and to hear the birds sing, and to have Bessie doing everything to alleviate his discomfort as only she knew how. He rattled like a wheezing bellows, and every breath he drew was torture.

For a few days he was too ill to feel even the prickings of conscience. At last he awoke easier, and found half a dozen pink letters on his coverlet. He read through them by slow degrees. She had been to Essex Court in hopes to buy a book from him; she had stood and peered in at his window; she had waited on his doorstep. But she had seen nothing of him. Perhaps now they would not meet. She must return to Devonshire at the week-end. She had got 'William Ambrose' at last, and was vastly delighted with it. Someone had said to her that it was the death of sentiment. Positively, before she left town, she must meet the delightful author.

It passed over the sick man's head without troubling him. This world of the feather-bed and the white curtains, between which now and again his Bessie's kind faithful eyes looked, was so far away from the scent of apple-blossoms and the ring of chestnut hair and the coquette who had tortured him.

A few days more and he was out of doors on a sofa. The warm weather had come back, and it was pleasant to lie all day with closed eyes, to be forgiven and caressed.

There was a rustle of silk near him, and he looked up to see a lady standing by his couch; she was not far short of middle age, but she was comely, with a wandering brown eye and a meaning smile.

'Poor Strephon!' she said, in a mincing, affected voice. 'After all, Dulcinea could not go without seeing thee. So thou hast been ill. I broke away from my husband, Sir Ralph, to visit thee. The good man loves me too well not to be jealous.'

She was wearing pink as he had fancied she would. Her full figure almost burst her stays; and under the wide pink hat, tied with blue ribbons, her eyes ogled him coldly. And after all it was not apple-blossom he smelt, but musk. She was ripe as a peach, somewhat over-ripe. There was a down on her skin which reminded him of an animal.

He said something confusedly. He knew that he must be looking a dreadful object for a Strephon, but he hardly cared. She sat down on a seat by him, and her eyes roamed about her.

'Tis a pretty spot,' she said. 'But la! you should see Lyme. My husband, Sir Ralph, cannot bear a rabble of writers and painters and music-makers. He has no sensibility, but he is a fine figure of a man, with a well-turned leg. So Clorinda is out of fashion. "William Ambrose" has clean killed her. What sport Mr. F. has made of her! We are all vastly indignant with you that ever you made us weep.'

'Madam,' said a voice beside her. Was it possible it could be Bessie's, so calm, so dignified? 'My husband is not yet equal to receiving visitors. A few days more perhaps. To be sure his friends will not long be kept out.'

She was between Mr. R. and the lady, who retired before the quiet on-coming movement.

'La!' she said, as she reached the gate. 'Has he any friends left? I should have thought they were all crowding to Mr. F. Clorinda is out of fashion.'

She was beyond the little wicket-gate now, in the road, where a carriage awaited her. The great novelist's plain, ungainly wife closed the gate upon her rival. Then she came back and sat down by the couch. The chair creaked beneath her weight.

Her husband turned and looked at her. The expression in his eyes might have satisfied any woman.

'Is the hussy gone?' he asked.

'She is gone.'

'I wish a fresh wind would blow away her essences. Faugh! How many musk-rats must have gone to the making of it!'

He was silent for a second or two. Then he reached out for her hand, and, taking it, laid it against his lips.

'A virtuous woman is a pearl of price to her husband,' he said. 'And so the town laughs at me! Let it laugh! We shall not hear it.'

KATHARINE TYNAN



### A GREAT DARWINIAN AND HIS FRIENDS.<sup>1</sup>

It is nearly fifty years since the scientific, the literary, and the religious worlds were shaken to their depths by the publication of the 'Origin of Species.' The great champions of that time have not all passed away: Alfred Russel Wallace, whose brilliant outline of a similar hypothesis provoked the publication of Darwin's twenty-year-long research, is still with us and still active; so is Lord Avebury, youngest of a famous band of scientific workers; so, too, the *doyen* of them, Sir Joseph Hooker, Darwin's closest and oldest friend.

Three generations of men have come and gone since Joseph Dalton Hooker saw the light at Halesworth, in Suffolk, on June 30, 1817. The generation into which he was born belonged to the last dark days of George III. The Regent was in his inglorious prime; the Bourbons and reaction throned it in Paris; Waterloo was two years old, and the Allied troops were still quartered in the French fortresses which they had occupied as pledges for the fulfilment of the terms of the Peace of Paris. Trafalgar Square, not yet graced with the National Gallery and the Nelson column, was being laid out, and the colonnade below its site removed to its present position at Hyde Park Corner. Across the Atlantic Monroe was President; the United States numbered but twenty, and Abraham Lincoln, like Charles Darwin a child of the *annus mirabilis* 1809, was eight years old.

It was a generation that watched the uprising of the Romantic school in literature and the beginnings of the great political change which revolutionised England without the fiercer throes such as tore France or the Netherlands, Prussia or the Austrian Empire. And though as late as 1834 Sir Robert Peel, called home post-haste by a political crisis, reflected that he could travel from Rome to London no faster than the Emperor Severus, the mechanical revolution had begun not only to hasten social and political change, but to widen men's intellectual horizon, and in the steam-engine, the galvanometer, the telescope, the microscope, had set going agencies which were to modify men's elemental conceptions of

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1907, by Leonard Huxley, in the United States of America.

the world about them and their own relation to it. The properties of matter were being closely searched out and classified; life itself was soon to be questioned boldly as to its origin and development. But not yet; the England of 1817 was respectfully conservative in speculation; the thinkers who refused to regard the poetry of the Book of Genesis as a scientific treatise had no convincing theory to offer in its stead; there existed no overwhelming mass of knowledge dealing with the life of the earth and her children, of observation sifted, classified, and organised into the corporate whole of natural science, to which they might appeal as against the precision of dogmatic formulæ into which the pressure of superincumbent deposits of theology had constrained and hardened a poetic vision of the creative mystery. To express doubts on this, after all, strictly scientific subject was blasphemous and even improper. The story runs that a provincial library committee once excluded the works of Thomas Carlyle because he was a theist, a pantheist, and an atheist. In the spirit, if not the letter, of this comprehensive verdict the world at large passed judgment on the doubter, and he was excluded from polite society. Many years were to go by before any voice should be uplifted to praise honest doubt as worth half the creeds.

But Joseph Dalton Hooker, though such was the atmosphere of the world into which he was born, was in a position to escape early from some of these intellectual fetters. On either side he was a member of a scientific family. His father, Sir William Hooker, another great botanist, who held from 1841 to 1865 the office of Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, in which his son was destined to succeed him, was the organiser who, in his twenty-four years' administration, converted Kew Gardens from a small royal pleasure into a national—nay, international—power-house of living knowledge, with practical applications to agricultural industries all over the world which must conciliate the most persistent scorner of 'mere science.'

Unlike Charles Darwin, who came to science in a rather haphazard way, Joseph Hooker was trained for the medical profession, proceeding to Glasgow University from the Glasgow High School. Thereafter, at the age of twenty-one, he joined Sir James Ross's Antarctic Expedition in the good ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, whose names are still commemorated in the two great volcanoes revisited but the other day by Captain Scott. His eyes were among the first to rest upon the great frozen mountains which

tower away, range after range, into the storm-shrouded distance beyond the chilly mass of the Great Ice Barrier, unapproached by explorers, untrodden by human foot, for another sixty years, till the men of the *Discovery* penetrated their recesses.

His report on the botany of the southern regions won immediate recognition for its thoroughness and insight. He revealed the swarming minute vegetable life of the Southern Ocean which supported the creatures of the sea, and his knowledge of the problems of distribution especially, thus gained, was destined to be of the greatest service to him when he came to grapple with the question of natural selection and the origin of species in company with his friend and leader Charles Darwin.

It is a curious and noteworthy fact that the three men who were most closely allied in the long struggle over the evolution question had all passed through an apprenticeship to the sea. As Joseph Hooker spent four years in the Southern Seas, so Charles Darwin spent five years as assistant naturalist on the expedition of the *Beagle* and Thomas Henry Huxley nearly four as assistant surgeon on the *Rattlesnake*, which explored and surveyed the coasts of New Guinea and Australia. All three passed through a time of research and intellectual assimilation uninterrupted by the claims of society or the struggle for bread-winning, when new impressions could be digested, when there was time for reflection, while the mind and heart could be penetrated by the sense of the greatness of nature and of the world forces untempered by the alleviating skill of civilisation. The effect of such an experience is comparable to the withdrawal into the desert of seer or prophet while his ideas take ultimate shape and concentrate their force to burst upon the world with the strength of completeness and the fervour of conviction.

Another noteworthy coincidence is that after these expeditions both the younger men were attached to the geological survey of Great Britain under Sir Henry de la Beche, Joseph Hooker, as botanist, working especially at the flora of the coal measures. Once more the connection is exemplified between geology and biological speculation, the historical teachings of the one providing a firm foundation for the latter to build upon. The record of the succession of life in the past demanded an explanation which should be valid equally for the past and for the present. If the theory of evolution had not been formulated by the biologists, it must have been invented by the students of geology.

The popular picture of a man of science, especially as drawn by the cheap romancer, who as invariably oppresses him with the ghastly appellation of 'scientist,' is that of a morally shrivelled specialist who willingly and remorselessly sacrifices romance and adventure and human ties, the poetic sense and the fulness of life, in the pursuit of a cold intellectual idea. Yet the records of science are full of adventure boldly sought, of the romance of exploration in wild countries as well as in the irresponsive realms of atoms and abstract ideas. Bates on the Amazon and André on the Orinoco were as full of the romance of the wild where they carried their lives in their hand as was the poet Charles Kingsley, who painted with such imaginative convincingness the wonders of a tropical forest he had never seen. No latter-day Nimrod took more sporting chances than Professor Marsh when he went a-digging for Dinosaurs in the foothills of the Rockies, while his scouts kept wary watch against the lively Redskins on the war-path, who were hankering after the scalps of the whole party. No boy adventurer ever essayed such an improbable exploit as that of Miklucho Maclay. Jules Verne's heroes were always fortified by infallible mathematical deductions, and when Ballantyne's Jack and Ralph and Peterkin left their Coral Island for wilder and more bloodthirsty kingdoms they had at least made alliance with a grateful chief by rescuing him from the culinary attentions of his captor with the yellow wig. Miklucho Maclay calmly landed on the cannibal shores of New Guinea, bidding the Russian frigate which had brought him return in a year's time to take him off again—if he were not, indeed, physically incorporated with his too eager hosts. But the happy effrontery of his unannounced visit took their breath away. They did not eat him. They did not even kill the 'Man from the Moon,' as they called him, this man with the white skin such as they had never seen before. But they came near it. He had let them infer that he was invulnerable. They tested his courage one day as he sat outside his hut by playfully flinging spears within six inches of his head. He guessed their object, and sat quietly reading till they left off, pleased with his unconcern. It was touch and go on another occasion. One of his dusky friends came up to him with a big spear. 'Is it really true that I could not kill you if I ran you through with this?' The man who hesitates is lost. 'Try,' said Miklucho Maclay, with a quiet smile. The Papuan swung up his spear, poised it, faltered before the calm eye, and

lowered the weapon with a laugh. 'It's no good trying. Who would ask for a spear-thrust if it could hurt him?'

Trade and sport, it is true, lead men to many strange homes of adventure, but science still may seek where trade finds no gain and sport no quarry. The thrilling adventures of Nansen in the North and Scott in the South were just episodes by the way in the pursuit of knowledge, and adventure in the prim and donnish disguise of a research fellowship has been known to spirit a young biologist away to pursue a special investigation in the fairy wilds of tropical Celebes. Or, again, the geologist who joined a recent expedition to Lakes Rudolph and Stephanie in Eastern Equatorial Africa was able to complete the marvellous history of the Great Rift Valley. He traced the volcanic upraising of a watershed in a wide plain which shouldered off the waters of the Nile into their present course ages ago, turning them from their ancient course that joined the cleft of the Red Sea, once the bed of the great northern river now scantily represented by a cribbed and curtailed Jordan. Living organisms also testify to the former union of the two rivers. There is a fish of ancient type found only in the upper waters of these now sundered streams, and this strange evidence Dr. Gregory was able to reinforce by further instances of living forms common to these remote regions.

Joseph Hooker had his full share of travel and adventure. Within four years of his return from the Antarctic he was off to the Himalayas. Four years he spent in travelling through the rain-rich valleys and stupendous highlands of this huge range, his steady activity in making a systematic collection of the Himalayan flora being diversified by imprisonment at the hands of the Rajah of Sikkim. Again, in 1860, he visited Syria to investigate the oak trees of that region; in 1871 he explored botanically the untrodden ranges of the Atlas Mountains in company with John Ball, statesman and botanist, but perhaps better remembered by a sport-loving nation as the first President of the Alpine Club than as a Fellow of the Royal Society or Under-Secretary for the Colonies in Lord Palmerston's first administration. His last excursion was the least adventurous; but it took him to the United States, where he spent three months in collecting seeds and specimens and studying the distribution of American trees.

Here is colour enough to transfuse the seemingly unromantic record of the labours of his thirty years' official connection with the Royal Gardens at Kew, as assistant to his father 1855-65,

and as director 1865-85, and his systematisation of botany, which, if his colossal work contained in the 'Genera Plantarum,' or the Flora of British India and of New Zealand, lies beyond the ken of his countrymen, is at least gratefully known to every amateur botanist among them in the 'British Flora,' familiar under the joint names of Bentham and Hooker. The highest official position in the scientific world was awarded him in 1873, when he was elected President of the Royal Society, holding office for the regular term of five years.

Now the fresh research, the laborious systematising of each worker in science, have one great difference from the personal achievement of the artist in form or colour or language. His work can never rest long in its individual eminence. The more valuable it is, the sooner it becomes the basis of a loftier superstructure. Its glory is the impersonal glory of becoming the common property of the general mind, chipped, altered, broken perhaps, in the course of time and criticism, but still the indispensable rubble which is built without more ado into the foundations of the temple of knowledge. Individual fame is nothing; the work is all. Even the man of the hour who by force of some architectonic idea, well proved, has readjusted the very ground-plan of the whole building, may see those lines varied and altered by the development of the changes he has set going, and his name linked with that of a successor who has modified his theories, or possibly relegated to the dim and dusty archives of scientific history. Still, these rare names, like that of Darwin, must remain in imperishable memory as creative centres of thought, however the tides of knowledge may flood beyond the high-water mark they first recorded; and to have been associated with such a name in its first struggle with the traditional order is in itself a title to fame. And, indeed, such a struggle was a 'glorious hour of crowded life,' when the discoverer's uplifting joy amid the silence of his own 'peak of Darien' was followed by the fiercer joys of intellectual battle and the spiritual upheaval of a new world-embracing idea, wherein, as in a fresh Renaissance, the whole of life seemed to be recreated and to stand forth bathed in the yet unrealised effulgence of new light. Few indeed are the thinkers who have seen their new ideas prevail within their own lifetime. Darwin was one, and with him stood his chief henchmen. 'If Lyell, Hooker, and Huxley are convinced,' he said, 'that is enough.' Hooker, indeed, was the earliest confidant of his great conception.



For fourteen years he alone shared the secret in full, bringing new material and criticism and sympathy to Darwin's aid.

Their first meeting was in the year 1839, in Trafalgar Square, where Hooker was walking with an officer who had sailed with Darwin on the *Beagle*, but had not met him since those days. But Darwin the naturalist was already known to the young student through the still unpublished proof-sheets of the famous journal, thanks to another common friend, Charles Lyell, of Kinnordy, father of the famous geologist. These Hooker, being desperately busy with his studies in order to take his degree before volunteering on Ross's Antarctic Expedition, used to sleep with under his pillow, so as to read them between waking and rising. Their long and intimate correspondence, however, began in December 1843, very soon after the return of Ross's expedition. They had a common interest in the important question of the geographical distribution of living forms in the southern portion of South America. The skilled botanist, who had approached the problems which exercised the elder naturalist with a similar breadth of outlook, was able to fill up his outlines and buttress his ideas with a wealth of botanical observations. In return, Hooker's 'Flora of Australia,' published in 1859, could be described by Sir Charles Lyell as a 'splendid essay on the origin of species, as illustrated by your wide botanical experience, [which] goes very far to raise the variety-making hypothesis to the rank of a theory, as accounting for the manner in which new species enter the world.'

So rapidly was scientific sympathy established between the two men that within a month of the opening of their correspondence Darwin confided in him (January 11, 1844): 'I am almost convinced (quite contrary to the opinion I started with) that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable. . . . I think I have found out (here's presumption) the simple way by which species become exquisitely adapted to various ends.' And just after the 'Origin of Species' was published in 1859 he wrote in the same spirit: 'You do not know how I admire your and Lyell's generous and unselfish sympathy. I do not believe either of you would have cared so much about your own work.'

It is a quarter of a century, all but a few days, since death broke off this long and unremitting friendship, which united intellectual alliance with warm personal communion between two large-minded and large-hearted men. Rivalries and jealousies not a few have existed in the world scientific as they have existed in the world



literary and artistic—in every world where personal achievement and professional interest may demand recognition; but it may safely be said that never was there such an ideal absence of anything of the sort as amongst the band of men who gathered round this simple and generous leader, men of strong character and restless energy though they were. Groups more or less similar have gathered round other leaders of thought in earlier intellectual and moral struggles; one recalls the friends of Erasmus, or the friends of Luther who sharpened their pens in his defence, or, at a less strenuous moment, the literary and artistic association of The Club of which Johnson and Reynolds, Goldsmith and Burke, were original members. But with the friends of Darwin there was a peculiar element at work. Not only were they welded into a compact body by the stress of the opposition which their common opinions encountered, but Darwin himself had a special claim upon them. They were his followers, but they were still more his friends. Fighting had to be done, and he hated fighting. 'What that affection really did,' wrote T. H. Huxley years afterwards, 'was to lead those of his friends who had seen good reason for his views to take much more trouble in his defence and support, and to strike out much harder at his adversary, than they would otherwise have done.'

At the same time he says :

I have often remarked that I never knew anyone of his intellectual rank who showed himself so tolerant to opponents, great and small, as Darwin did. Sensitive he was in the sense of being too ready to be depressed by adverse comment; but I never knew anyone less easily hurt by fair criticism, or who less needed to be soothed by those who opposed him with good reason. I am sure I tried his patience often enough, without ever eliciting more than a 'Well, there's a good deal in what you say; but'—and then followed something which nine times out of ten showed he had gone deeper into the business than I had.

But Darwin's wretched health prevented him from being often with his friends or playing an active part in the scientific world of London. He was indeed elected in 1854 to the Philosophical Club, founded in 1847, which was a half-social, half-scientific club in connection with the Royal Society, and, in addition to its other functions, regularly met for dinner before the evening meeting of the Society in order to increase the attendance.

But despite his resolution to attend regularly and see more of his scientific friends, with whom he feared to lose touch in his enforced seclusion at Down in Kent, circumstances forbade the

experiment to be a lasting one, and he formally resigned his membership in 1864. Whatever personal associations were yet to be made by his friends might be unconsciously tinged by the personal influence which all the members felt in common, but were not to find the pivot of their being in his actual presence.

Several of Darwin's closest friends and followers belonged to the Philosophical Club, but this, with its membership of forty-seven, was too large and too diversified to become their special meeting ground. The majority of the scientific world were at first opposed to the doctrine of evolution in any form. In part, the previous arguments in its favour adduced by Lamarck, for instance, or by the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' fell lamentably short of carrying conviction, and by their failure alike strengthened the existing orthodox views and prejudiced future evolutionary argument. In part, certain philosophic and theological objections were raised with more vigour than strict relevance against the new theory which offered to upset the comfortable foundations of the house of thought in which so many minds had made their intellectual abiding place, and into which they had fitted all their other mental and moral furniture. On them was inflicted 'that which the generality of mankind most hate—the necessity of revising their convictions.' Dare we assert that the process would be more palatable to-day among any other upholders of an established creed? It may be so; it may be that the memory of this revolution is still too near, and the issues of freedom in thought too clearly set forth by the chief actors in it, for their successors to refuse so much as to contemplate the possibility of revision.

But in the years that followed the publication of the 'Origin of Species' scant mercy was shown. Here was an attempt 'to re-instate the old pagan goddess Chance'; to 'abolish teleology and eviscerate the argument from design,' to degrade man and set up an antitheistic doctrine. There is no need to-day to repeat how fundamentally irrelevant these criticisms were; how long prior to Darwin are the philosophical and religious bearings of determinism, how there may be an ascent as well as a descent of man. The ultimate problems, indeed, were not solved, though certain solutions were shown to be unreal and mankind delivered from their oppression.

Thus a club like the Philosophical was not altogether satisfactory, even had all the friends of Hooker and Huxley been included in its membership. Meantime they found themselves drifting apart in the press and stress of their daily work. They

were not even certain of foregathering at the meetings of the various scientific societies to which they belonged. Kew seemed a 'remote province' of London, and one writes to the other: 'I wonder if we are ever to meet again in this world.' In spite, then, of his later dictum that, to paraphrase Descartes, clubs, like hypotheses, are not to be multiplied beyond necessity, Professor Huxley proposed to his friend the formation of a lesser club of their own, not for the furthering of scientific objects or the providing papers for the Royal Society, like the Philosophical Club, but in order to afford a meeting ground for a few friends who were bound together by personal regard and community of scientific interests. Its likeness to the Philosophical Club lay in the hour of its meeting for dinner before the monthly meeting of the Royal Society, to which all the members belonged except Herbert Spencer. The plan was first mooted in January 1864; the first meeting took place on November 3 following, at St. George's Hotel, Albemarle Street. This was their regular meeting place for many years, with the Athenæum to fall back upon in case the St. George's could not have them. But in the middle 'eighties the Athenæum became the regular meeting place, and here the club's 'coming of age' was celebrated in 1885.

Such was the inception of the famous X Club, 'which,' writes T. H. Huxley,

I believe had the credit of being a sort of scientific caucus, or ring, with some people. In fact, two distinguished colleagues of mine once carried on a conversation (which I gravely ignored) across me, in the smoking-room of the Athenæum, to this effect: 'I say, A., do you know anything about the X Club?' 'Oh, yes, B., I have heard of it. What do they do?' 'Well, they govern scientific affairs, and really, on the whole, they don't do it badly.' If my good friends could only have been present at a few of our meetings they would have formed a much less exalted idea of us, and would, I fear, have been much shocked at the sadly frivolous tone of our ordinary conversation.

But after all, as he wrote once to Hooker,

the club never had any purpose except the purely personal object of bringing together a few friends who did not want to drift apart. It has happened that these cronies had developed into bigwigs of various kinds, and therefore the club has incidentally—I might say accidentally—had a good deal of influence in the scientific world. But if I had to propose to a man to join, and he were to say, 'Well, what is your object?' I should have to reply, like the needy knife-grinder, 'Object, God bless you, sir, we've none to show.'

The name of the club might suggest a membership of ten; but though the eight who met at the first meeting immediately elected a ninth friend, a tenth member was never added. No,

the name had a wider mathematical significance ; to quote again from T. H. Huxley :

At starting, our minds were terribly exercised over the name and constitution of our society. As opinions on this grave matter were no less numerous than the members—indeed, more so—we finally accepted the happy suggestion of our mathematicians to call it the X Club ; and the proposal of some genius among us, that we should have no rules save the unwritten law not to have any, was carried by acclamation.

The club was not recruited from any one branch of science alone ; indeed, there was perhaps originally some vague thought of associating representatives of each. Be that as it may, the nine who eventually came together could have managed between them to contribute most of the articles to a scientific Encyclopædia. Mathematics, for instance, were represented by Thomas Archer Hirst, afterwards Director of Naval Studies at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and William Spottiswoode, afterwards President of the Royal Society, the plain prose of whose life was to conduct the business of the Queen's printer ; Physics by John Tyndall, Chemistry by Edward Frankland, Biology by T. H. Huxley, Botany by J. D. Hooker ; Anatomy by George Busk ; Archæology by John Lubbock (the present Lord Avebury), Evolutionary Philosophy by Herbert Spencer. Most of this little company had made acquaintance in the years immediately following T. H. Huxley's return from the *Rattlesnake* voyage, years for him of apparently hopeless struggle and waiting. He indeed seems to have been the central link between them all. In 1851 a letter to his future wife in Australia speaks of 'his friend Hooker' enviable in that he is not separated from his *fiancée* by ten thousand miles of ocean, a friend who by a strange chance had been within an ace of beginning that friendship as his shipmate on the *Rattlesnake* six years before. In these weary years, too, he early came to know—possibly through their naval connection—George Busk, afterwards President of the College of Surgeons, then officially surgeon to H.M.S. *Dreadnought* at Greenwich, who, with his clever and cultured wife, made the brilliant young naturalist constantly welcome in his homeless days. The autumn of 1852 brought him into contact with Herbert Spencer, whose keen eye had noticed a passage in Huxley's paper on the Oceanic Hydrozoa read that year at the British Association which lent support to his own argument in an essay just published on the 'Theory of Population.' And in turn Huxley next year introduced him to John Tyndall—that lifelong 'brother supernumerary' of

the Huxley household, who on his advice had come to London, taking Faraday's place at the Royal Institution.

Tyndall in turn brought his close friend Hirst, then Professor of Mathematics at University College, who with him had left the work of the Ordnance Survey to study at Marburg, and afterwards had been his colleague at Queenwood College. So, too, he brought Frankland, another former colleague at Queenwood. In addition to an immensity of work in their own special lines, most of the members were engaged in leavening the thought of their time with pregnant ideas in philosophy, in education, even in politics. But apart from the many scientific societies in which they took a prominent share of debate and administration, the members of this little club came in the course of things to occupy a leading place in the annals of the Royal Society and of science at large. Five of them received the Royal Medal; three the Copley; one the Rumford; six were Presidents of the British Association, three Associates of the Institute of France; and from their number the Royal Society chose a Secretary, a Foreign Secretary, a Treasurer, and three successive Presidents.

Of the two hundred and forty times that the club met, all nine members assembled only on twenty-seven occasions; but up to 1883, when the first gap was made in it by the death of Spottiswoode, the average attendance was seven, a number not too great for a perfectly balanced party, and it may be imagined that with their good proportion of able and witty talkers, who had no need to talk merely for effect, the dinner-table talk was not devoted to 'shop' or dulness. Even the too meagre records, with their skeleton notes of the meetings, occasionally hint at entirely non-professional themes, as 'talked politics, scandal, and the three classes of witnesses—liars, d—d liars, and experts.'

Guests, too, came to these dinners; men of science or of letters, both English and foreign, from Darwin and the brilliant W. K. Clifford to Mr. John Morley, editor and man of letters before becoming a politician; from Helmholtz the German to the Americans Marsh and Alexander Agassiz and Dr. Youmans, who here met several of the contributors to the International Science Series which he organised.

In the summer, too, for a short period, excursions were organised of members and their wives, symbolised by the algebraic notation of  $x$ 's +  $y$ 's, but these grew increasingly difficult to arrange and were abandoned.

It is curious to notice how different were the habits of a somewhat similar club in the earlier part of the century, how much more of a Bohemian the man of science was not only in reputation but in fact. The social status of the professional classes was much lower than it is to-day. The name apothecary or attorney breathed contempt; artist and writer had a touch of the vagabond about them like their poor cousin the player; the Shandons and Sawyers, nay almost Pendennis and Warrington themselves, were depicted as living in the coasts of Bohemia which bordered on Alsatia. Even to be a Professor was not to be a grave and reverend seignior. There was a certain Red Lion Club which foregathered during the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which is described as follows in a letter by T. H. Huxley in 1851. He has just mentioned an article by Professor Forbes in the 'Literary Gazette'—Forbes who, one surmises, might have been the tenth member of the X Club had he but lived. A manuscript copy of the song is still extant, written in my father's hand on a large sheet of paper, and elaborately illustrated with rapid pen-and-ink drawings ranging from the picturesque to the farcical.

In the same number is a rich song from the same fertile and versatile pen, which was sung at one of our Red Lion meetings. That is why I want you to look at it, not that you will understand it, because it is full of allusions to occurrences known only in the scientific circles. At Ipswich we had a grand Red Lion meeting; about forty members were present, and among them some of the most distinguished members of the Association. Some foreigners were invited (the Prince of Canino, Buonaparte's nephew, among others), and were not a little astonished to see the grave professors, whose English solemnity and gravity they had doubtless commented on elsewhere, giving themselves up to all sorts of fun. Among the Red Lions we have a custom (instead of cheering) of roaring and wagging one coat-tail (one Lion's tail) when we applaud. This seemed to strike the Prince's fancy amazingly, and when he got up to return thanks for his health being drunk, he told us that as he was rather out of practice in speaking English, he would return thanks in our fashion, and therewith he gave three mighty roars and wags, to the no small amusement of everyone. He is singularly like the portraits of his uncle, and seems a very jolly, good-humoured old fellow. I believe, however, he is a bit of a rip. It was remarkable how proud the Quakers were of being noticed by him.

There is the same note of rollicking five-and-twenty in a letter of a twelvemonth earlier, when he describes how 'last evening I dined with a whole lot of literary and scientific people. Owen [the famous anatomist] was, in my estimation, great, from the fact of his smoking his cigar and singing his song like a brick.'

All this was rather schoolboyish, and was left behind as Science came to her own in the kingdom of thought through the great



struggles of the early 'sixties. To J. D. Hooker it was always distasteful.

The X Club maintained its corporate existence for twenty-eight years. Even before then its ranks had grown sadly thin. Spottiswoode and Busk were dead; Tyndall and Hirst and Spencer and Huxley were more or less invalided; meetings did not take place or were scantily attended; and although at a meeting in the spring of 1887, when Hooker, Tyndall, and Huxley alone turned up, 'we three old fogies voted unanimously that we were ready to pit ourselves against all three youngsters of the present generation in walking, climbing, or head-work, and give them odds,' this 'comfortable frame of mind' was not proof against the advance of time, and after the death of Hirst in February 1892—that devoted supporter of the club, who 'would, I believe, represent it in his sole person rather than pass the day over'—only one more meeting took place. 'At our ages,' wrote Sir Joseph Hooker, 'clubs are an anachronism,' and the X, which had existed solely for this group of friends and by its very nature did not admit of having its gaps filled by recruits from outside, came quietly to an end. It had fulfilled its function, and in so doing its work was greater than it knew. Science was doubtless the richer for this intimate association of some of its guiding spirits; but still more the annals of friendship are enriched by such a record of lasting union between men of dominant character and strong will. Other prizes and honours may make more show in the eyes of the world, but to have been Darwin's confidant and fellow-worker and to have been a paladin among the knightly fellowship, the Table Round of Science, is perhaps the dearest glory of the veteran whose ninetieth year the world is now honouring.

LEONARD HUXLEY.



*THE BROKEN ROAD.<sup>1</sup>*

BY A. E. W. MASON.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE INVIDIOUS BAR.

VIOLET OLIVER drove back to her camp in the company of her friends and they remarked upon her silence.

'You are tired, Violet?' her hostess asked of her.

'A little, perhaps,' Violet admitted, and, urging fatigue as her excuse, she escaped to her tent. There she took counsel of her looking-glass.

'I couldn't possibly have foreseen that he would be here,' she pleaded to her reflection. 'He was to have stayed in Chiltistan. I asked him and he told me that he meant to stay. If he had stayed there, he would never have known that I was in India,' and she added and repeated, 'It's really not my fault.'

In a word she was distressed and sincerely distressed. But it was not upon her own account. She was not thinking of the awkwardness to her of this unexpected encounter. But she realised that she had given pain where she had meant not to give pain. Shere Ali had seen her. He had been assured that she sought to avoid him. And this was not the end. She must go on and give more pain.

Violet Oliver had hoped and believed that her friendship with the young Prince was something which had gone quite out of her life. She had closed it and put it away, as you put away upon an upper shelf a book which you do not mean to read again. The last word had been spoken eight months ago in the conservatory of Lady Marfield's house. And behold they had met again. There must be yet another meeting, yet another last interview. And from that last interview nothing but pain could come to Shere Ali. Therefore she anticipated it with a great reluctance. Violet Oliver did not live among illusions. She was no sentimentalist. She never made up and rehearsed in imagination little scenes of a melting

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1907, by A. E. W. Mason, in the United States of America.

pathos where eternal adieux were spoken amid tears. She had no appreciation of the woeful luxury of last interviews. On the contrary, she hated to confront distress or pain. It was in her character always to take the easier way when trouble threatened. She would have avoided altogether this meeting with Shere Ali, had it been possible.

'It's a pity,' she said, and that was all. She was reluctant, but she had no misgiving. Shere Ali was to her still the youth to whom she had said good-bye in Lady Marfield's conservatory. She had seen him in the flush of victory after a close-fought game, and thus she had seen him often enough before. It was not to be wondered at that she noted no difference at that moment. But the difference was there for the few who had eyes to see. He had journeyed up the broken road into Chiltistan. At the Fort of Chakdara, in the rice fields on the banks of the Swat river, he had taken his luncheon one day with the English commandant and the English doctor, and there he had parted with the ways of life which had become to him the only ways. He had travelled thence for a few hundred yards along a straight strip of road running over level ground, and so with the levies of Dir to escort him he swung round to the left. A screen of hillside and grey rock moved across the face of the country behind him. The last outpost was left behind. The Fort and the Signal Tower on the pinnacle opposite and the English flag flying over all were hidden from his sight. Wretched as any exile from his native land, Shere Ali went up into the lower passes of the Himalayas. Weeks were to pass and still the high snow-peaks which glittered in the sky, gold in the noonday, silver in the night time, above the valleys of Chiltistan were to be hidden in the far North. But already the words began to be spoken and the little incidents to occur which were to ripen him for his destiny. They were garnered into his memories as separate and unrelated events. It was not until afterwards that he came to know how deeply they had left their marks, or that he set them in an ordered sequence and gave to them a particular significance. Even at the Fort of Chakdara a beginning had been made.

Shere Ali was standing in the little battery on the very summit of the Fort. Below him was the oblong enclosure of the men's barracks, the stone landings and steps, the iron railings, the numbered doors. He looked down into the enclosure as into a well. It might almost have been a section of the barracks at Chatham.

But Shere Ali raised his head, and over against him, on the opposite side of a natural gateway in the hills, rose the steep slope and the Signal Tower.

'I was here,' said the doctor, who stood beside him, 'during the Malakand campaign. You remember it, no doubt?'

'I was at Oxford. I remember it well,' said Shere Ali.

'We were hard pressed here, but the handful of men in the Signal Tower had the worst of it,' continued the doctor in a matter-of-fact voice. 'It was reckoned that there were fourteen thousand men from the Swat Valley besieging us, and as they did not mind how many they lost, even with the Maxims and our wire defences it was difficult to keep them off. We had to hold on to the Signal Tower because we could communicate with the people on the Malakand from there, while we couldn't from the Fort itself. The Amandara ridge, on the other side of the valley, as you can see, just hides the Pass from us. Well, the handful of men in the tower managed to keep in communication with the main force, and this is how it was done. A Sepoy called Prem Singh used to come out into full view of the enemy through a porthole of the tower, deliberately set up his apparatus, and heliograph away to the main force in the Malakand Camp, with the Swatis firing at him from short range. How it was he was not hit, I could never understand. He did it day after day. It was the bravest and coolest thing I ever saw done or ever heard of, with one exception, perhaps. Prem Singh would have got the Victoria Cross——' and the doctor stopped suddenly and his face flushed.

Shere Ali, however, was too keenly interested in the incident itself to take any note of the narrator's confusion. Baldly though it was told, there was the square, strong tower with its door six feet from the ground, its machicoulis, its narrow portholes over against him, to give life and vividness to the story. Here that brave deed had been done and daily repeated. Shere Ali peopled the empty slopes which ran down from the tower to the river and the high crags beyond the tower with the hordes of white-clad Swatis, all in their finest robes, like men who have just reached the goal of a holy pilgrimage, as indeed they had. He saw their standards, he heard the din of their firearms, and high above them on the wall of the tower he saw the khaki-clad figure of a single Sepoy calmly flashing across the valley news of the defenders' plight.

'Didn't he get the Victoria Cross?' he asked.

'No,' returned the doctor with a certain awkwardness. But still Shere Ali did not notice.

'And what was the exception?' he asked eagerly. 'What was the other brave deed you have seen fit to rank with this?'

'That, too, happened over there,' said the doctor, seizing upon the question with relief. 'During the early days of the siege we were able to send in to the tower water and food. But when the first of August came we could help them no more. The enemy thronged too closely round us, we were attacked by night and by day, and stone sangars, in which the Swatis lay after dark, were built between us and the tower. We sent up water to the tower for the last time at half-past nine on a Saturday morning, and it was not until half-past four on the Monday afternoon that the relieving force marched across the bridge down there and set us free.'

'They were without water for all that time—and in August?' cried Shere Ali.

'No,' the doctor answered. 'But they would have been had the Sepoy not found his equal. A bheestie'—and he nodded his head to emphasise the word—'not a soldier at all, but a mere water-carrier, a mere camp-follower, volunteered to go down to the river. He crept out of the tower after nightfall with his water-skins, crawled down between the sangars—and I can tell you the hill-side was thick with them—to the brink of the Swat river below there, filled his skins, and returned with them.'

'That man, too, earned the Victoria Cross,' said Shere Ali.

'Yes,' said the doctor, 'no doubt, no doubt.'

Something of flurry was again audible in his voice, and this time Shere Ali noticed it.

'Earned—but did not get it?' he went on slowly; and turning to the doctor he waited quietly for an answer. The answer was given reluctantly, after a pause.

'Well! That is so.'

'Why?'

The question was uttered sharply, close upon the words which had preceded it. The doctor looked upon the ground, shifted his feet, and looked up again. He was a young man, and inexperienced. The question was repeated.

'Why?'

The doctor's confusion increased. He recognised that his delay in answering only made the answer more difficult to give. It could not be evaded. He blurted out the truth apologetically.

'Well, you see, we don't give the Victoria Cross to natives.'

Shere Ali was silent for a while. He stood with his eyes fixed upon the tower, his face quite inscrutable.

'Yes, I guessed that would be the reason,' he said quietly.

'Well,' said his companion uncomfortably, 'I expect some day that will be altered.'

Shere Ali shrugged his shoulders, and turned to go down. At the gateway of the Fort, by the wire bridge, his escort, mounted upon their horses, waited for him. He climbed into the saddle without a word. He had been labouring for these last days under a sense of injury, and his thoughts had narrowed in upon himself. He was thinking. 'I, too, then, could never win that prize.' His conviction that he was really one of the White People, bolstered up as it had been by so many vain arguments, was put to the test of fact. The truth shone in upon his mind. For here was a coveted privilege of the White People from which he was debarred, he and the bheestie and the Sepoy. They were all one, he thought bitterly, to the White People. The invidious bar of his colour was not to be broken.

'Good-bye,' he said, leaning down from his saddle and holding out his hand. 'Thank you very much.'

He shook hands with the doctor and cantered down the road, with a smile upon his face. But the consciousness of the invidious bar was rankling cruelly at his heart, and it continued to rankle long after he had swung round the bend of the road and had lost sight of Chakdara and the English flag.

He passed through Jandol and climbed the Lowari Pass among the fir trees and the pines, and on the very summit he met three men clothed in brown homespun with their hair clubbed at the sides of their heads. Each man carried a rifle on his back and two of them carried swords besides, and they wore sandals of grass upon their feet. They were talking as they went, and they were talking in the Chilti tongue. Shere Ali hailed them and bade them stop.

'On what journey are you going?' he asked, and one of the three bowed low and answered him.

'Sir, we are going to Mecca.'

'To Mecca!' exclaimed Shere Ali. 'How will you ever get to Mecca? Have you money?'

'Sir, we have each six rupees, and with six rupees a man may reach Mecca from Kurrachee. Till we reach Kurrachee, there is

no fear that we shall starve. Dwellers in the villages will befriend us.'

'Why, that is true,' said Shere Ali, 'but since you are countrymen of my own and my father's subjects, you shall not tax too heavily your friends upon the road.'

He added to their scanty store of rupees, and one after another they thanked him and so went cheerily down the Pass. Shere Ali watched them as they went, wondering that men should take such a journey and endure so much discomfort for their faith. He watched their dwindling figures and understood how far he was set apart from them. He was of their faith himself, nominally at all events, but Mecca——? He shrugged his shoulders at the name. It meant no more to him than it did to the White People who had cast him out. But that chance meeting lingered in his memory, and as he travelled northwards, he would wonder at times by night at what village his three countrymen slept and by day whether their faith still cheered them on their road.

He came at last to the borders of Chiltistan, and travelled thenceforward through a country rich with orchards and green rice and golden amaranth. The terraced slopes of the mountains, ablaze with wild indigo, closed in upon him and widened out. Above the terraces great dark forests of pines and deodars, maples and horse chestnuts clung to the hill sides; and above the forests grass slopes stretched up to bare rock and the snowfields. From the villages the people came out to meet him, and here and there from some castle of a greater importance a chieftain would ride out with his bodyguard, gay in velvets, and silks from Bokhara and chogas of gold kinkob, and offer to him gold dust twisted up in the petal of a flower, which he touched and remitted. He was escorted to polo grounds and sat for hours witnessing sports and trials of skill, and at night to the music of kettledrums and pipes men and boys danced interminably before him. There was one evening which he particularly remembered. He had set up his camp outside a large village and was sitting alone by his fire in the open air. The night was very still, the sky dark but studded with stars extraordinarily bright—so bright, indeed, that Shere Ali could see upon the water of the river below the low cliff on which his camp fire was lit a trembling golden path made by the rays of a planet. And as he sat, unexpectedly in the hush a boy with a clear, sweet voice began to sing from the darkness behind him. The melody was plaintive and sweet; a few notes of a pipe

accompanied ; and as Shere Ali listened in this high valley of the Himalayas on a summer's night, the music took hold upon him and wrung his heart. The longing for all that he had left behind became a pain almost beyond endurance. The days of his boyhood and his youth went by before his eyes in a glittering procession. His school life, his first summer term at Oxford, the Cherwell with the shadows of the branches overhead dappling the water, the strenuous week of the Eights, his climbs with Linforth, and, above all, London in June, a London bright with lilac and sunshine and the fair faces of women, crowded in upon his memory. He had been steadily of late refusing to remember, but the sweet voice and the plaintive melody had caught him unawares. The ghosts of his dead pleasures trooped out and took life and substance. Particular hours were lived through again—a motor ride alone with Violet Oliver to Pangbourne, a dinner on the lawn outside the inn, the drive back to London in the cool of the evening. Shere Ali sat late beside his fire that night, nor when he went into his tent did he close his eyes. The next morning he rode among orchards bright with apricots and mulberries, peaches and white grapes, and in another day he looked down from a high cliff, across which the road was carried on a scaffolding, upon the town of Kohara and the castle of his father rising in terraces upon a hill behind. The nobles and their followers came out to meet him with courteous words and protestations of good will. But they looked him over with curious and not too friendly eyes. News had gone before Shere Ali that the young prince of Chiltistan was coming to Kohara wearing the dress of the White People. They saw that the news was true, but no word or comment was uttered in his hearing. Joking and laughing they escorted him to the gates of his father's palace. Thus Shere Ali at the last came home to Kohara. Of the life which he lived there he was to tell something to Violet Oliver.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### IN THE COURTYARD.

THE investiture was over, and the guests, thronging from the Hall of Audience, came out beneath arches and saw the whole length of the great court spread before them. A vast canopy roofed it in, and a soft dim light pervaded it. To those who came from the glitter of the ceremonies it brought a sense of coolness and of



peace. From the arches a broad flight of steps led downwards to the floor, where water gleamed darkly in a marble basin. Lilies floated upon its surface, and marble paths crossed it to the steps at the far end; and here and there, in its depth, the reflection of a lamp burned steadily. At the far end steps rose again to a great platform and to gilded arches through which lights poured in a blaze, and gave to that end almost the appearance of a lighted stage, and made of the courtyard a darkened auditorium. From one flight of steps to the other, in the dim cool light, the guests passed across the floor of the court, soldiers in uniforms, civilians in their dress of State, jewelled princes of the native kingdoms, ladies in their bravest array. But now and again one or two would slip from the throng, and, leaving the procession, take their own way about the Fort. Among those who slipped away was Violet Oliver. She went to the side of the courtyard where a couch stood empty. There she seated herself and waited. In front of her the stream of people passed by talking and laughing within view, within earshot if only one raised one's voice a trifle above the ordinary note. Yet there was no other couch near. One might talk at will and not be overheard. It was to Violet Oliver's thinking a good strategic position, and there she proposed to remain till Shere Ali found her, and after he had found her, until he went away.

She wondered in what guise he would come to her: a picturesque figure with a turban of some delicate shade upon his head and pearls about his throat, or—and as she wondered, a young man in the evening dress of an Englishman stepped aside from the press of visitors and came towards her. Before she could, in that dim light, distinguish his face, she recognised him by the lightness of his step and the suppleness of his figure. She raised herself into a position a little more upright, and held out her hand. She made room for him on the couch beside her, and when he had taken his seat, she turned at once to speak.

But Shere Ali raised his hand in a gesture of entreaty.

'Hush!' he said with a smile; and the smile pleaded with her as much as did his words. 'Just for a moment! We can argue afterwards. Just for a moment, let us pretend.'

Violet Oliver had expected anger, accusations, prayers. Even for some threat, some act of violence, she had come prepared. But the quiet wistfulness of his manner, as of a man too tired greatly to long for anything, took her at a disadvantage. But

the one thing which she surely understood was the danger of pretence. There had been too much of pretence already.

'No,' she said.

'Just for a moment,' he insisted. He sat beside her watching the clear profile of her face, the slender throat, the heavy masses of hair so daintily coiled upon her head. 'The last eight months have not been—could not be. Yesterday we were at Richmond, just you and I. It was Sunday—you remember. I called on you in the afternoon, and for a wonder you were alone. We drove down together to Richmond, and dined together in the little room at the end of the passage—the room with the big windows, and the name of the woman who was murdered in France scratched upon the glass. That was yesterday.'

'It was last year,' said Violet.

'Yesterday,' Shere Ali persisted. 'I dreamt last night that I had gone back to Chiltistan; but it was only a dream.'

'It was the truth,' and the quiet assurance of her voice dispelled Shere Ali's own effort at pretence. He leaned forward suddenly, clasping his hands upon his knees in an attitude familiar to her as characteristic of the man. There was a tenseness which gave to him even in repose a look of activity.

'Well, it's the truth then,' he said, and his voice took on an accent of bitterness. 'And here's more truth. I never thought to see you here to-night.'

'Did you think that I should be afraid?' asked Violet Oliver in a low, steady voice.

'Afraid!' Shere Ali turned towards her in surprise and met her gaze. 'No.'

'Why, then, should I break my word? Have I done it so often?'

Shere Ali did not answer her directly.

'You promised to write to me,' he said, and Violet Oliver replied at once:

'Yes. And I did write.'

'You wrote twice,' he cried bitterly. 'Oh, yes, you kept your word. There's a post every day, winter and summer, into Chiltistan. Sometimes an avalanche or a snowstorm delays it; but on most days it comes. If you could only have guessed how eagerly I looked forward to your letters, you would have written, I think, more often. There's a path over a high ridge by which the courier must come. I could see it from the casement of the tower. I used

to watch it through a pair of field-glasses, that I might catch the first glimpse of the man as he rose against the sky. Each day I thought "Perhaps there's a letter in your handwriting." And you wrote twice, and in neither letter was there a hint that you were coming out to India.'

He was speaking in a low passionate voice. In spite of herself, Violet Oliver was moved. The picture of him watching from his window in the tower for the black speck against the skyline was clear before her mind, and troubled her. Her voice grew gentle.

'I did not write more often on purpose,' she said.

'It was on purpose, too, that you left out all mention of your visit to India?'

Violet nodded her head.

'Yes,' she said.

'You did not want to see me again.'

Violet turned her face towards him, and leaned forward a little.

'I don't say that,' she said softly. 'But I thought it would be better that we two should not meet again, if meeting could be avoided. I saw that you cared—I may say that, mayn't I?' and for a second she laid her hand gently upon his sleeve. 'I saw that you cared too much. It seemed to me best that it should end altogether.'

Shere Ali lifted his head, and turned quickly towards her.

'Why should it end at all?' he cried. His eyes kindled and sought hers. 'Violet, why should it end at all?'

Violet Oliver drew back. She cast a glance to the courtyard. Only a few paces away the stream of people passed up and down.

'It must end,' she answered. 'You know that as well as I.'

'I don't know it. I won't know it,' he replied. He reached out his hand towards hers, but she was too quick for him. He bent nearer to her.

'Violet,' he whispered, 'marry me!'

Violet Oliver glanced again to the courtyard. But it was no longer to assure herself that friends of her own race were comfortably near at hand. Now she was anxious that they should not be near enough to listen and overhear.

'That's impossible,' she answered in a startled voice.

'It's not impossible! It's not!' And the desperation in his voice betrayed him. In the depths of his heart he knew that, for this woman, at all events, it was impossible. But he would not listen to that knowledge.

'Other women, here in India, have had the courage.'

'And what have their lives been afterwards?' she asked. She had not herself any very strong feeling on the subject of colour. She was not repelled, as men are repelled. But she was aware, nevertheless, how strong the feeling was in others. She had not lived in India for nothing. Marriage with Shere Ali was impossible, even had she wished for it. It meant ostracism and social suicide.

'Where should I live?' she went on. 'In Chiltistan? What life would there be there for me?'

'No,' he replied. 'I would not ask it. I never thought of it. In England. We could live there!' and, ceasing to insist, he began wistfully to plead. 'Oh, if you knew how I have hated these past months. I used to sit at night, alone, alone, alone, eating my heart for want of you; for want of everything I care for. I could not sleep. I used to see the morning break. Perhaps here and there a drum would begin to beat, the cries of children would rise up from the streets, and I would lie in my bed with my hands clenched, thinking of the jingle of a hansom cab along the streets of London, and the gas lamps paling as the grey light spread. Violet!'

Violet twisted her hands one within the other. This was just what she had thought to avoid, to shut out from her mind—the knowledge that he had suffered. But the evidence of his pain was too indisputable. There was no shutting it out. It sounded loud in his voice, it showed in his looks. His face had grown white and haggard, the face of a tortured man; his hands trembled, his eyes were fierce with longing.

'Oh, don't,' she cried, and so great was her trouble that for once she did not choose her words. 'You know that it's impossible. We can't alter these things.'

She meant by 'these things' the natural law that white shall mate with white, and brown with brown; and so Shere Ali understood her. He ceased to plead. There came a dreadful look upon his face.

'Oh, I know,' he exclaimed brutally. 'You would be marrying a nigger.'

'I never said that,' Violet interrupted hastily.

'But you meant it,' and he began to laugh bitterly and very quietly. To Violet that laughter was horrible. It frightened her. 'Oh, yes, yes,' he said. 'When we come over to England we are

very fine people. Women welcome us and are kind, men make us their friends. But out here! We quickly learn out here that we are the inferior people. Suppose that I wanted to be a soldier, not an officer of my levies, but a soldier in your army with a soldier's chances of promotion and high rank! Do you know what would happen? I might serve for twenty years, and at the end of it the youngest subaltern out of Sandhurst, with a moustache he can't feel upon his lip, would in case of war step over my head and command me. Why, I couldn't win the Victoria Cross, even though I had earned it ten times over. We are the subject races,' and he turned to her abruptly. 'I am in disfavour to-night. Do you know why? Because I am not dressed in a silk jacket; because I am not wearing jewels like a woman, as those Princes are,' and he waved his hand contemptuously towards a group of them. 'They are content,' he cried. 'But I was brought up in England, and I am not.'

He buried his face in his hands and was silent; and as he sat thus, Violet Oliver said to him with a gentle reproach:

'When we parted in London last year you spoke in a different way—a better way. I remember very well what you said. For I was glad to hear it. You said: "I have not forgotten really that there is much to do in my own country. I have not forgotten that I can thank all of you here who have shown me so much kindness by more than mere words. For I can help in Chiltistan—I can really help."'

Shere Ali raised his face from his hands with the air of a man listening to strange and curious words.

'I said that?'

'Yes,' and in her turn Violet Oliver began to plead. 'I wish that to-night you could recapture that fine spirit. I should be very glad of it. For I am troubled by your unhappiness.'

But Shere Ali shook his head.

'I have been in Chiltistan since I spoke those words. And they will not let me help.'

'There's the road.'

'It must not be continued.'

'There is, at all events, your father,' Violet suggested. 'You can help him.'

And again Shere Ali laughed. But this time the bitterness had gone from his voice. He laughed with a sense of humour, almost, it seemed to Violet, with enjoyment.

'My father!' he said. 'I'll tell you about my father,' and his face cleared for a moment of its distress as he turned towards her. 'He received me in the audience chamber of his palace at Kohara. I had not seen him for ten years. How do you think he received me? He was sitting on a chair of brocade with silver legs in great magnificence, and across his knees he held a loaded rifle at full cock. It was a Snider, so that I could be quite sure it was cocked.'

Violet stared at him, not understanding.

'But why?' she asked.

'Well, he knew quite well that I was brought back to Kohara in order to replace him, if he didn't mend his ways and spend less money. And he didn't mean to be replaced.' The smile broke out again on Shere Ali's face as he remembered the scene. 'He sat there with his great beard, dyed red, spreading across his chest, a long velvet coat covering his knees, and the loaded rifle laid over the coat. His eyes watched me, while his fingers played about the trigger.'

Violet Oliver was horrified.

'You mean—that he meant to kill you!' she cried incredulously.

'Yes,' said Shere Ali calmly. 'I think he meant to do that. It's not so very unusual in our family. He probably thought that I might try to kill him. However, he didn't do it. You see, my father's very fond of the English, so I at once began to talk to him about England. It was evening when I went into the reception chamber; but it was broad daylight when I came out. I talked for my life that night—and won. He became so interested that he forgot to shoot me; and at the end I was wise enough to assure him that there was a great deal more to tell.'

The ways of the Princes in the States beyond the Frontier were unknown to Violet Oliver. The ruling family of Chiltistan was no exception to the general rule. In its annals there was hardly a page which was not stained with blood. When the son succeeded to the throne, it was, as often as not, after murdering his brothers, and if he omitted that precaution, as often as not he paid the penalty. Shere Ali was fortunate in that he had no brothers. But, on the other hand, he had a father, and there was no great security. Violet was startled, and almost as much bewildered as she was startled. She could not understand Shere Ali's composure. He spoke in so matter-of-fact a tone.

'However,' she said, grasping at the fact, 'he has not killed you. He has not since tried to kill you.'

'No. I don't think he has,' said Shere Ali slowly. But he spoke like one in doubt. 'You see he realised very soon that I was not after all acceptable to the English. I wouldn't quite do what they wanted,' and the humour died out of his face.

'What did they want?'

Shere Ali looked at her in hesitation.

'Shall I tell you? I will. They wanted me to marry—one of my own people. They wanted me to forget,' and he broke out in a passionate scorn. 'As if I could do either—after I had known you.'

'Hush!' said she.

But he was not to be checked.

'You said it was impossible that you should marry me. It's no less impossible that I should marry now one of my own race. You know that. You can't deny it.'

Violet did not try to. He was speaking truth then, she was well aware. A great pity swelled up in her heart for him. She turned to him with a smile, in which there was much tenderness. His life was all awry; and both were quite helpless to set it right.

'I am very sorry,' she said in a whisper of remorse. 'I did not think. I have done you grave harm.'

'Not you,' he said quietly. 'You may be quite sure of that. Those who have done me harm are those who sent me, ten years ago, to England.'

## CHAPTER XV.

### A QUESTION ANSWERED.

THEREAFTER both sat silent for a little while. The stream of people across the courtyard had diminished. High up on the great platform by the lighted arches the throng still pressed and shifted. But here there was quietude. The clatter of voices had died down. A band playing somewhere near at hand could be heard. Violet Oliver for the first time in her life had been brought face to face with a real tragedy. She was conscious of it as something irremediable and terribly sad. And for her own share in bringing it about she was full of remorse. She looked at Shere Ali as he sat beside her, his eyes gazing into the courtyard, his face tired and hopeless. There was nothing to be done. Her thoughts told her so no less clearly than his face. Here was a life spoilt at



the beginning. But that was all that she saw. That the spoilt life might become an instrument of evil—she was blind to that possibility: she thought merely of the youth who suffered and still must suffer; who was crippled by the very means which were meant to strengthen him: and pity inclined her towards him with an ever-increasing strength.

‘I couldn’t do it,’ she repeated silently to herself. ‘I couldn’t do it. It would be madness.’

Shere Ali raised his head and said with a smile, ‘I am glad they are not playing the tune which I once heard on the Lake of Geneva, and again in London when I said good-bye to you.’

And then Violet sought to comfort him. Her mind was still working on what he had told her of his life in Chiltistan.

‘But it will become easier,’ she said, beginning in that general way. ‘In time you will rule in Chiltistan. That is certain.’ But he checked her with a shake of the head.

‘Certain? There is the son of Abdulla Mohammed, who fought against my father when Linforth’s father was killed. It is likely enough that those old days will be revived. And I should have the priests against me.’

‘The Mullahs!’ she exclaimed, remembering in what terms he was wont to speak of them to her.

‘Yes,’ he answered, ‘I have set them against me already. They laid their traps for me while I was on the sea, and I would not fall into them. They would have liked to raise the country against my father and the English, just as they raised it twenty-five years ago. And they would have liked me to join in with them.’

He related to Violet the story of his meeting with Safdar Khan at the Gate of Lahore, and he repeated the words which he had used in Safdar Khan’s hearing. ‘It did not take long for my threats to be repeated in the bazaar of Kohara, and from the bazaar they were quickly carried to the ears of the Mullahs. I had proof of it,’ he said with a laugh.

Violet asked him anxiously for the proof.

‘I can tell to a day when the words were repeated in Kohara. For a fortnight after my coming the Mullahs still had hopes. They had heard nothing, and they met me always with salutations and greeting. Then came a day when I rode up the valley and a Mullah who had smiled the day before passed me as though he had not noticed me at all. The news had come. I was sure of it at the time. I reined in my horse and called sharply to one of the servants

riding behind me, "Who is that?" The Mullah heard the question, and he turned and up went the palm of his hand to his forehead in a flash. But I was not inclined to let him off so easily.'

'What did you do?' Violet asked uneasily.

'I said to him, "My friend, I will take care that you know me the next time we meet upon the road. Show me your hands!" He held them out, and they were soft as a woman's. I was close to a bridge which some workmen were repairing. So I had my friend brought along to the bridge. Then I said to one of the workmen, "Would you like to earn your day's wage and yet do no work?" He laughed, thinking that I was joking. But I was not. I said to him, "Very well, then, see that this soft-handed creature does your day's work. You will bring him to me at the Palace this evening, and if I find that he has not done the work, or that you have helped him, you will forfeit your wages and I will whip you both into the bargain." The Mullah was brought to me in the evening,' said Shere Ali, smiling grimly. 'He was so stiff he could hardly walk. I made him show me his hands again, and this time they were blistered. So I told him to remember his manners in the future, and I let him go. But he was a man of prominence in the country, and when the story got known he became rather ridiculous.' He turned with a smile to Violet Oliver.

'My people don't like being made ridiculous—least of all Mullahs.'

But there was no answering smile on Violet's face. Rather she was troubled and alarmed.

'But surely that was unwise?'

Shere Ali shrugged his shoulders.

'What does it matter?' he said. He did not tell her all of that story. There was an episode which had occurred two days later when Shere Ali was stalking an ibex on the hillside. A bullet had whistled close by his ear, and it had been fired from behind him. He was never quite sure whether his father or the Mullah was responsible for that bullet, but he inclined to attribute it to the Mullah.

'Yes, I have the priests against me,' he said. 'They call me the Englishman.' Then he laughed. 'A curious piece of irony, isn't it?'

He stood up suddenly and said: 'When I left England I was in doubt. I could not be sure whether my home, my true home, was there or in Chiltistan.'

'Yes, I remember,' said Violet.

'I am no longer in doubt. It is neither in England nor in Chiltistan. I am a citizen of no country. I have no place anywhere at all.'

Violet Oliver stood up and faced him.

'I must be going. I must find my friends,' she said, and as he took her hand, she added, 'I am so very sorry.'

The words, she felt, were utterly inadequate, but no others would come to her lips, and so with a trembling smile she repeated them. She drew her hand from his clasp and moved a step or two away. But he followed her, and she stopped and shook her head.

'This is really good-bye,' she said simply and very gravely.

'I want to ask you a question,' he explained. 'Will you answer it?'

'How can I tell you until you ask it?'

He looked at her for a moment as though in doubt whether he should speak or not. Then he said, 'Are you going to marry—Linforth?'

The blood slowly mounted into her face and flushed her forehead and cheeks.

'He has not even asked me to marry him,' she said, and moved down into the courtyard.

Shere Ali watched her as she went. That was the last time he should see her, he told himself. The last time in all his life. His eyes followed her, noting the grace of her movements, the whiteness of her skin, all her daintiness of dress and person. A madness kindled in his blood. He had a wild thought of springing down, of capturing her. She mounted the steps and disappeared among the throng.

And they wanted him to marry—to marry one of his own people. Shere Ali suddenly saw the face of the Deputy Commissioner at Lahore calmly suggesting the arrangement, almost ordering it. He sat down again upon the couch and once more began to laugh. But the laughter ceased very quickly, and folding his arms upon the high end of the couch, he bowed his head upon them and was still.

*(To be continued.)*

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